THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 163 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • AUGUST 3, 1946 NUMBER 5

The Shape of Things

THE SECOND PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE IN the memory of this generation has opened under omens which can hardly be called asupicious. Even the optimism of Mr. Byrnes will be severely tested by the road-blocks already thrown up in the way of a decent, durable settlement. But some favorable circumstances exist this time which were missing in 1919, and it would be reckless to ignore them. One is American unity. For all our heated discussions of international issues, for all our short-sighted attempts to doubly insure our national security by unilateral devices, we are at the same time committed irrevocably and almost unanimously to the principle of collective action to make and maintain the peace. Another is Soviet participation. One may deplore the tensions and misunderstandings that impede our relations with the Russians, but no sane person would willingly substitute the situation which existed at the last peace conference, when Russia, our recent ally, was not only absent in fact and spirit but was the victim of an ugly diplomatic and military offensive camouflaged as support for "democratic" opposition forces. The echo of that battle can still be heard: it must be silenced if possible by today's peacemakers. A third hopeful factor is the sharper awareness of the peoples of the world, their increased political maturity. The rise and fall of fascism, the pre-war mistakes of the democracies, educated a whole generation of Europeans. They suffer from few of the illusions that made the deceptions of 1919 so easy to perpetrate and so devastating in their after-effects. This time the people are watching; they are better organized; their common fight during the resistance has toughened them and given them self-confidence. They may be tired, but they are not indifferent or helpless, and the conference will do well to remember their existence as it debates boundaries, and adds up reparations.

✶

"LYNCHINGS," SAYS *LIFE* IN THE COURSE OF a rather complacent editorial about Southern progress in its current issue, "have declined almost to the vanishing point." But while the magazine was being distributed news came from Georgia of one of the most ghastly lynchings in history. A young Negro, out on bail on a charge of wounding his employer, another colored farmhand, and the wives of the two men, were seized and shot by a large gang of whites—the women, apparently, solely because an assassin thought one of them had recognized him. This was no hot-blooded, impulsive crime; it was cold, deliberate murder. "It looks like it was a rehearsed affair," said Major William F. Spence, Chief of the Georgia State Police, after his preliminary investigation. The old desire "to teach the niggers their place," stirred up by Gene Talmadge's inflammatory campaign for governor on the issue of "white supremacy," was, perhaps, the chief motive. Governor Arnall, who promptly offered large rewards for information about the murderers, has ordered Major Spence to stay on the job until they are arrested. Attorney General Clark has instructed the FBI to carry out an inquiry. Yet it is probable that this crime will go unpunished like so many others of the same kind. For lynching is a community crime, and the criminals are protected by the fears and prejudices of their fellow citizens. Major Spence has stated that, in the present case: "The best people [sic] in town won't talk about this; they have an idea who it is." He added that he was getting no cooperation from the local authorities. Once again bloody emphasis has been given to the need for Federal legislation against mob violence.

✶

TO SIGN OR NOT TO SIGN? THAT WAS THE tough question that President Truman had to answer when confronted by the revised price control bill. Another veto would have left prices and rents at the mercy of the free market, for it was certain that Congress could not be induced to pass any better bill. Yet to sign meant setting the OPA an almost impossible task in view of the restrictions with which Congress had circumscribed its authority. It meant, also, as David Lawrence candidly points out in his syndicated column, "helping the Republicans out of a hole"; for, as he explains, "had the measure been killed, the Republicans would have been gambling with the prospect that lack of controls would not produce stabilized prices . . . before the autumn Congressional elections. . . . As it is, the OPA remains and the country will infer that whatever prices prevail, they are the result of President Truman's policies." We do not think, however, that the President should be criticized for the decision he reluctantly reached. The message which accompanied his signature shows that he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• IN THIS ISSUE •

EDITORIALS
The Shape of Things 113
Time to Go Home 115
Russia and the Atom 116

ARTICLES
The Battle of Palestine *by Freda Kirchwey* 117
Washington Peep Show *by Tris Coffin* 120
British Labor's First Year *by Aylmer Vallance* 122
Mexico: Ballots Without Bullets *by Anita Brenner* 124
Small-Town America V. Los Alamos, New Mexico *by Alden Stevens* 127
Everybody's Business *by Keith Hutchison* 129

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
The Death of the Sheriff *A Poem by Robert Lowell* 130
Neo-Pagan in the Forties *by Wylie Sypher* 130
Here Lies TNEC *by Boris Shishkin* 132
Briefer Comment 132
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 134
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 136
Films *by James Agee* 136

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 138

CROSSWORD PUZZLE NO. 172 *by Jack Barrett* 139

Editor and Publisher: Freda Kirchwey

Managing Editor J. King Gordon — *Washington Editor* I. F. Stone — *Literary Editor* Randall Jarrell*

European Editor: J. Alvarez del Vayo

Associate Editors
Robert Bendiner, Keith Hutchison, Maxwell S. Stewart

Drama: Joseph Wood Krutch — *Music:* B. H. Haggin

Staff Contributors
Reinhold Niebuhr, Carey McWilliams, Aylmer Vallance

Assistant Managing Editor: Robert Harvey

Copy Editor: Gladys Whiteside. *Assistant Literary Editor:* Caroline Whiting. *Research Editor:* Doris W. Tanz.

Business Manager: Hugo Van Arx
Advertising Manager: William B. Brown
Director of Nation Associates: Lillie Shultz

* Margaret Marshall on leave of absence.

The Nation, published weekly and copyrighted, 1946, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building. Advertising and Circulation Representative for Continental Europe: Publicitas, Lausanne, Switzerland.

Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $6; Two years $10; Three years $14. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1. *Change of Address:* Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new one.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

is under no illusions about the efficacy of the measure, although he rightly insists that it represents some improvement over the vetoed bill. It cannot, obviously, prevent a general advance in the price line during the next six months but it does offer the OPA some weapons with which to check the rate of that advance. Those weapons will be given a sharper edge if consumers retain the price consciousness they have shown in the past four weeks and refuse, individually and collectively, to submit to profiteering.

*

THE PRESIDENT ALSO PROPOSES TO GIVE renewed attention to anti-inflationary fiscal measures that will supplement price controls by bringing "spendable income more closely in balance with the supply of goods." He suggests further reductions in federal expenditure and, if inflation continues to threaten, "a more rigorous tax policy." As our readers know, we have never regarded a balanced budget as an end in itself, but that does not mean that we consider it an evil to be avoided under all circumstances. Clearly, at a time like the present, when we have nearly full employment and a large excess of purchasing power, a budget which was not merely balanced but overbalanced, would exert an important stabilizing influence. There are undoubtedly many possibilities for reducing expenditure in Washington, including expenditure on the armed forces; there is certainly scope for increased taxation, particularly on unearned incomes and speculative profits. But Congressmen—who, incidentally, have just raised their own salaries—while willing enough to talk about economy in principle have shown little enthusiasm about economy in practice. And instead of thinking about increasing taxes, they are all set to cut them during the next session. We fear that Mr. Truman is likely to get as little cooperation on the Hill for sound fiscal measures to combat inflation as he has received in the matter of price control.

*

A BILL PROVIDING FOR THE STOCKPILING OF strategic raw materials has been passed by Congress and signed by the President. While the political wisdom of such open preparation for the next war may be questioned, the military value of a reserve of metals, rubber, wool, and other commodities cannot be gainsaid. Moreover, its existence should obviate uneconomical scrambling for supplies in emergencies and tend to check the kind of depletion of scarce resources that we suffered in the war just ended. The inclusion in the bill of a "Buy American" clause serves to defeat these ends, for domestic production of many of the metals it is most important to stockpile is already inadequate in relation to normal demand. Hence the Joint Army-Navy Munitions Board in making purchases for the stockpile

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will be forced to compete for supplies with industry with the result that prices will be increased and the mining of marginal ores, much better left as underground reserves, encouraged. Again, this insistence on self-sufficiency, which in effect gives American producers an advantage additional to the tariff, is at variance with the international economic policies of the United States. No wonder Mr. Truman signed this bill with reluctance, a reluctance only overcome by his belief that power to acquire stockpiles was of "overriding importance."

✶

THE WAGNER-ELLENDER-TAFT HOUSING BILL was passed by the Senate several weeks ago, but action by the House has been held up because certain Republican members of the House Banking and Currency Committee, to which it was referred, have followed a course of deliberate obstruction. Their tactics seem to be inspired by the powerful real estate and building lobbies who always make their lavish presence felt in Washington when housing is under discussion. To them the bill is just a "communistic" measure even if Senator Taft is one of its sponsors. Actually the proposed legislation seeks to facilitate private as well as public housing and, at the same time, to consolidate federal housing activities. As the New York *Times* has pointed out, of the 12½ million houses which the program envisages, 11 million will be built by private enterprise with some federal aid in the form of loans and mortgage insurance. This bill has received the widest kind of non-partisan support in and out of Congress. It will be of immense assistance in stabilizing the whole construction industry, one of the main pillars of our economy. It can harm only those whose interest it is to maintain a housing famine in order to secure monopoly rents. The President has appealed to the Democratic leaders of the House to expedite action on this measure. We hope they will find means to circumvent the saboteurs and will refuse to allow adjournment until a vote has been taken.

✶

JAMES CLEMENT DUNN IS TO BE OUR NEW Ambassador in Rome. We would have thought he would be more acceptable and more at home in Madrid, but we are pleased that he is not going there. He has given inestimable aid and comfort to Generalissimo Franco over the past ten years and we would not care to see him in a position to be of further service in that quarter. We are still more pleased to have him relieved as Assistant Secretary of State in Charge of European, Near-Eastern, Far-Eastern, and African Affairs—of the affairs of the world, in short, beyond the Americas. This grandiose title, even though broader than the job it covers, was fantastically inappropriate to the man whose greatest diplomatic triumph remains the decision that a Vice President's half-sister is entitled to precede a Speaker's wife to the dinner table. Dunn's unwarranted power was built on his generally conceded skill as a technician in the mapping out of international agreements and on the influential patronage of Cordell Hull, with whom he has for years been on terms of the most cordial, if incongruous, friendship. Narrow in his social views, addicted to the society of Europe's decaying aristocracy, and a consistent reflector of Vatican policy, Dunn waged a prolonged but successful fight to keep the embargo clamped down on the Spanish Republic until it suffocated. His subsequent record included the securing of loans for Franco and a stubborn defense of the Vichy regime. Secretary Byrnes is to be congratulated on Dunn's promotion," which we trust will not be fatal to the infant Italian Republic.

Time To Go Home

WHAT has happened in China during the last two weeks should convince Americans that we must decide what we are going to do there, and decide what it is that we have been doing there all along. Madame Sun Yat-Sen—who, as Evans Carlson has said, is better qualified to speak for China than any other person—has asked the United States to withdraw its forces from China and give neither arms nor money to what President Truman himself, last December, described as a "one-party government" that had to be reorganized on a representative basis before it would be aided by the United States.

Few Americans realize that this reorganization has never even begun; nor do many of them understand that, while General Marshall has been trying to move mountains and charm away abysses by the exercise of a lot of unimplemented persuasiveness, character, and good will, the United States has been wasting its whole-hearted military assistance, plus four billion dollars worth of supplies, on a totalitarian government which has given us in return a few promises which it neither means nor keeps. In some districts the Kuomintang has entirely disregarded the truce General Marshall got it to consent to, while in others it has used this truce as a breathing spell during which it could move in troops (in United States transports), pile up supplies (made in the United States), and prepare for that war of extermination against the Chinese Communists which—it has continued to state publicly—is both inevitable and desirable. The sale to speculators, by Chinese officials, of most of the UNRRA food shipments to China; the persistent offensive against the Chinese Communists, now beginning to assume the proportions of that full-scale civil

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war our policy was supposed to avert; the steady rise to dominance of the most reactionary elements of the Kuomintang; the political murders of prominent liberals; the systematic obliteration of any remaining shred of democratic rights—all this has caused even *Time,* heretofore the Kuomintang's unctuous apologist, to deplore the corruption, inefficiency, and brutality of the present Chinese government.

The Kuomintang plainly believes that, no matter what it does, the United States must continue to support it, since we must choose between it and the Russian-supported Chinese Communists. It has done what it could to make this choice seem absolutely clear and absolutely necessary, by attempting to crush all the liberal elements between it and the extreme left—meanwhile pretending they do not exist—and by attempting to convince us that the Chinese Communists are bloody-handed totalitarians. (Qualified eye-witnesses have testified, with surprising unanimity, that compared to the Kuomintang the Chinese Communists are honest and democratic.)

The attitude of certain segments of our army and State Department seems to have convinced the Chinese government that the United States will support the blackest reactionary government in preference to any that could be called, by anybody, Red. The Kuomintang thoroughly understands—just as Madame Sun Yat-Sen, the Chinese liberals, the Chinese Communists, and great masses of the Chinese people understand—that there is no possibility that General Marshall alone can effect any real compromise in China, or transform the present one-party government into a democratic one. All of them realize that the longer American troops "guard railways," the longer American vessels bring in material, the nearer they are getting to what the Kuomintang has worked and waited for: the extermination of the Chinese Communists and the consolidation of China under a totalitarian government supplied with American munitions, with American loans, and with American-trained armies. We have reached the point where the best thing for us to do is to do nothing at all, to get out of China.

American newspapers are fond of remarking that during the war, while we had Uncle Joe where we wanted him, we should have forced him to make specific promises that he would not do whatever he happens to be doing right now. Few newspapers bother to say this about China; yet there we had an opportunity to obtain for the Chinese a democratic and unified government, and instead went on with the policy, or lack of policy, that has led to the present debacle. One wonders how much our policy has been disinterested but ineffective, how much an incoherent composite of the conflicting pressures inside our own government, and how much simply *bad,* a typical example of a government working (as governments so often do) at levels below either ideology, idealism, or common sense. Faced with countries like Greece or China—where reactionaries, Communists, liberals, agrarian democrats, and God knows what else are engaged in a confused struggle—the democracies are foolish enough to give the most reactionary elements an unwilling but thorough support because they can see nothing but one mesmerizing fact: that helping the left will be helping Russia. Actually American and British stupidity of this sort can do as much to help Russia as some of Russia's recent triumphs of indigenous stupidity have done to hinder it. If we want to make sure that the people of such countries have no alternative but reaction or Communism, this is the way to do it.

Russia and the Atom

SO SWEEPING was Mr. Gromyko's rejection of the modified Baruch plan for controlling the atom that congenital optimists profess to see in it a hope that he was merely breaking ground for protracted bargaining. Without sharing that inverted hopefulness, we find it hard to believe that Gromyko really meant some of the things he said. We are not so much appalled by the flat declaration that the proposal "cannot be accepted in any way by the Soviet Union, either as a whole or in separate parts"—that could be merely an inept invitation to further concessions—as by the fantastic tenor of Gromyko's objections.

The Soviet delegate takes exception to the American view that atomic matters are of "international and not of national importance." This view, he argues, is merely an American device for getting around the Charter provision which guarantees member states against interference by the United Nations in their internal affairs. The American proposals for giving the rights of control and inspection to a semi-independent Atomic Development Authority would therefore be a breach of the sovereignty of the member nations. And "the principle of sovereignty," he adds, "is one of the cornerstones on which the United Nations structure is built; if this were touched, the whole existence and future of the United Nations would be threatened." The atomic bomb is a nation's own business and the hope of the world lies in clinging to our ancient sovereignties! Colonel McCormick could not have put it better.

In place of this "dual organization," which would "undermine the Charter" by giving it a spine, the Russians propose a treaty to outlaw the manufacture and use of atomic bombs, just as the Kellogg treaty outlawed war altogether. Violations would be cited to the Security Council, which would then take action unless one of the five permanent member states—any one of which might be the accused power—chose to exercise its right of veto.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Russians surely understand as well as anyone else that this is no plan at all. What, then, is their purpose in offering it and in taking so intransigent a position? We can only believe that what they are trying to tell the world is that, while they want atomic control as much as any other nation, they will not buy it at the expense of the veto. This is their crutch and they dare not throw it away until they are certain that they can walk without fear.

We can condemn that fear, we can call it pathological, and we can even show that it is in good part self-generated. But there is no sense in denying that the fear is there, and that in its presence the Russians would rather be free to make bombs in spite of the treaty, if they suspected that other nations were doing so, than to put their faith in a mechanism which they couldn't control and which might in some undefined way be used against them. This is the weakness of all mechanical approaches to peace—no gadget can take the place of trust.

Yet we cannot go along with those who glibly condemn the Baruch plan as "utopian" and propose instead that we come to a "genuine understanding" with the Russians before trying to construct our international machinery. Such an understanding, in the play of forces existing today, could only be one that rested on a basis of big-power politics, one that accepted the principle of security through expansion, and that ruthlessly brushed aside the claims of less-favored peoples.

Since we can neither in conscience concede to the Russians this kind of false security nor in good sense allow the beginnings of world collaboration to be abandoned with a holy washing of the hands, we have no recourse but to work patiently with them in the United Nations and at the peace table, demonstrating in every legitimate way that their security is as vital to the world as our own and extracting from them every last possible concession in the direction of international controls. It is ironic that the "Socialist Fatherland," clinging desperately to an anachronistic "sovereignty," should have to be pulled and hauled into a system of world collaboration, but this is not the first time that events have made fools of prophets.

The Battle of Palestine

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE partition plan for Palestine, as it was described in the New York *Times* last Friday, is almost too bad to be believed. The story was not carried in any other paper and the full text of the plan has not been published as I write, so it is possible that the *Times* correspondent, who evidently benefited by a news leak in the Anglo-American Cabinet Committee, was misinformed as to the details. Indeed it seems almost incredible that the new committee, after weeks of labor, should have brought forth so vicious and provocative a mouse; far better to have adjourned without any decision. For the plan outlined in the *Times* invites immediate rejection by Jews as well as Arabs and is guaranteed to inflame the anger of both. It would divide the country into Zionist, Arab, and British districts with a British-controlled central government holding final and all-but-absolute power over the whole country. The Jewish and Arab areas would, says the *Times*, "have considerably less autonomy than was enjoyed by Britain's American colonies in the eighteenth century." The British would directly control defense, foreign relations, excise taxes, police, prisons, communications, customs, civil aviation, broadcasting, and antiquities for the whole country. They would run the Jewish port of Haifa. They would also, according to the summary, retain final authority over immigration, "but the provincial governments would have the right of appeal to the United Nations Trusteeship Council"—if and when.

> The provinces would have their own assemblies but the central government would appoint speakers without whose approval no bill could become law. The executive authority in the provinces would be vested in councils of ministers appointed by the British High Commissioner. He would have emergency power to supersede a provincial government in whole or in part.

The Jewish province under the plan would be a thin strip of territory zigzagging north and east and north again, from the coast below Jaffa to the Lebanese border. It would include about 1,500 square miles, a little more than half the area proposed in the Peel partition plan in 1936. To put the final touch on this constitutional monstrosity, the report is said to provide that the admission of 100,000 homeless Jews now in European camps, urged as an immediate step by the Committee of Inquiry,

THIS IS FREDA KIRCHWEY'S third article on Palestine and the Middle East following her recent tour of that area.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be made conditional on acceptance of the "federalization" scheme.

One can only hope the full text, which may have appeared before this comment does, will dispel the fears aroused by the preliminary report. For Palestine is in no state to survive much more stupid and ill-considered treatment; politically, its condition is already desperate. Even in June when I left there it was easy to predict steadily increasing trouble. In my first article, commenting on the British Foreign Minister's speech at Bournemouth, I wrote: "Reading this, one realizes how little Bevin has learned from the [Anglo-American] inquiry, indeed from the long record of British colonial policy: he still believes that order is a prerequisite to policy, an idea easily converted into the theory that order is a substitute for policy. This mistake was responsible for the Black and Tan terror in Ireland, for the Amritsar massacre, and for a dozen other bloody events easy to recall. If persisted in, it will have the same ugly results in Palestine." The prognosis took no particular foresight, but events have borne it out more precisely and rapidly than I could have guessed then.

RAIDS SHOWED BRITISH INTENTIONS

First came the British raids on the Zionist organizations and the arrest of leading officials of the Jewish Agency, clearly announcing the intention of the government to create a situation which would rule out early application of the Inquiry report. Second, the bombing of the King David hotel. This stupid crime cannot be condoned on grounds of intolerable provocation, nor can the Irgun try to hide behind alleged "warnings" which are unprovable and have been flatly denied by the British. The bombing was calculated with nicety to hamstring the efforts of Zionist leaders, in Palestine and London, to crack the fatal circle of terror and reprisal. Just as the British drive on June 29 weakened the influence of the moderate leaders over their Jewish followers, so the Irgun bombing weakened their position vis-a-vis the British authorities. But it is impossible to doubt, none the less, that the first tragic error played an important part in bringing about the second. Palestinian Jews, seeing their leaders in jail and their defense organization threatened with suppression and the seizure of its weapons, undoubtedly moved closer to the position that counsels of moderation had failed and violence was inevitable. Terrorism began to take on the dangerous and attractive guise of justified reprisal.

Representatives of the Agency and other Jewish leaders have expressed unqualified condemnation of the bomb outrage. Whether they will officially cooperate in rounding up members of the terrorist organizations has not been decided as I write. But whatever they say or do, their efforts will be effective only in the degree to which their prestige is reestablished by action in London. They cannot be discredited by continued failure and still be expected to win their followers to a new trust in the virtues of restraint. They cannot say: "Look, we have got nowhere; but will you please lay down your arms and leave everything to us and the British?"

The latest White Paper was clearly intended to justify the British army's raid on the Jewish Agency and Haganah. The evidence it presents of acts of violence condoned and even supported by the Zionist officials and of limited cooperation between the Agency and terrorist groups would indicate, if proved valid, that the undeclared war in Palestine has partly closed the ranks of the Jewish "resistance forces."

The Jewish Agency has indignantly denied the authenticity of the incriminating telegrams published in the White Paper, and no one has a right to accept them on their face value. The mood of British officials as I encountered it in Palestine is one which would lead them to give ready credence to fabricated evidence of Zionist conspiracy. But, true or false, the document may well serve to justify British toughness in the mind of the general public. Unfortunately, it will at the same time blur the issue, for the common or strap-hanging reader will not make nice distinctions between Jewish violence that might at least have had some military purpose, and violence that had no reason other than sheer terror. The broader effect of the White Paper will be to discredit, along with the "dissidents," men who have tried to carry on the fight with as little bloodshed and general destruction as possible.

JEWISH LEADERS ARE MILITANT

Britain's strategy of repression and delay has turned every Jewish leader into a militant; even those known as "moderates" unanimously and openly back illegal efforts to circumvent the immigration restrictions and resist military measures. But if the British intend to offer concessions in Palestine—in other words, if the new proposals from London turn out to be more generous and realistic than the *Times'* story indicates—it would seem reckless to toss into disrepute the Jewish leaders still capable of compromise. Such men are not expendable. Nothing but their prompt rehabilitation will prevent power from slipping into the hands of the elements whose anger and intransigence they have attempted to offset. If that happens, the struggle in Palestine can only become more and more bloody and embittered.

For Jews are not Arabs, full of noisy threats but incapable of united, organized, sustained action. And the Jews of today are not the Jews of 1936 to 1939, so eager to prove their pacific and constructive intentions that they all but fell backward in their effort to avoid violence. Today the Jews trust no one but themselves. They are organized and prepared. They believe that they are fighting, not just for their families and their homeland as in the thirties, but for the survival of their people. The horror of the past six years is alive in every Jew in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Palestine whether he suffered it in his own person or through the bodies and minds of his fellow Jews in Europe. His feeling is inflamed by every sign of easy indifference, in Britain or elsewhere, to the fate of the remnant of refugees in Europe. It is reinforced by each boatload of survivors that slips into Haifa harbor.

THE SPECIAL QUALITY OF PALESTINE

The impact of Jewish Palestine strikes you in full force the moment you cross the Lebanese border. Perhaps that is the best way to meet it, for with Lebanon as a background, Palestine takes on a special quality; the contrast is startling. In "free" Lebanon, the Christian community lives in a state of constant apprehension and constraint. In British-ruled Palestine, the Jews are obviously a "free" people. I had expected to find courage and determination, even confidence, for it is out of these ingredients that the miracle of Jewish Palestine has been compounded. But I was surprised to find the Jews "free" in the full moral meaning of the word. Where Christians in Lebanon discuss in unhappy undertones their chance of survival, reduced to the thinnest sliver by the ousting of the French, Jews in Palestine talk openly, without restraint, in not-too-well-modulated voices, about the whole state of affairs in their occupied country. Their press is free as the wind, until it is censored or suspended; in Lebanon the press, with a few notable exceptions, is both timid and corrupt. The Lebanese Christians expect to be submerged in a Moslem flood if they are not rescued by some outside agency. The Jews walk the earth of Palestine as if they belonged there, not like refugees or immigrants. This phenomenon of Jewish freedom in one of the world's least free lands gives the visitor an impression of solidity and permanence which every other circumstance tries vainly to erase.

I talked to political leaders in Palestine—several of them now in prison—and to men and women in a dozen or more collective farms and cooperatives. I saw refugees from extermination camps serving their apprenticeship in the colonies. I saw Jews at work in factories owned by the labor organization. I visited the hospital and the Hebrew University on Mt. Scopus. I talked to the newspaper men and women of Jerusalem. The sum of these varied contacts produced a surprisingly homogenous impression upon me. And since this article cannot deal in details, I shall try to make a composite of the attitudes I find recorded in my notes.

First, the assumption that the survivors of Nazi terror would eventually surely get to Palestine. Not a single Jew even suggested that the immigration could be stopped. Legally or illegally, under protection or as smuggled goods, the DP's would come and the other would-be refugees would follow, and all Palestine Jews would help them.

A leader in Haifa asked me if no American shipowner could be found who would go into refugee-running on a big scale. He pointed out that we were not bound by Britain's restrictions, and marvelled that no American Jew had yet launched such an enterprise.

Every Jew openly defended illegal action to assist the refugees in landing and prevent their deportation if that should again be attempted.

Every institution, from the magnificent Hadassah hospital to individual homes in cooperative farms, was preparing to make room for the 100,000 or whatever number, smaller or greater, might arrive. New quarters were being built in collectives; new land acquired within the strangling limits of the White Paper restrictions. Plans for training and settling the future arrivals were rapidly taking shape, together with realistic preparations to provide for the physical and psychological rehabilitation of people who have been seriously damaged by the horrors they have lived through.

Second, the determination of Jewish Palestine to survive at whatever cost. I have said the Jews are now all militants. What this means in practice is that they are prepared to fight for the right to control their own institutions and decide their own destiny. I put it in these imprecise terms because Jews disagree about the exact political basis on which their future should rest. Most of them, of course, want a democratic state with a Jewish majority within Palestine's present boundaries. An earnest minority wants a bi-national state, equally balanced in population and political power between Jews and Arabs. Some Jews are quite prepared to accept a partition plan which would limit the Homeland to an area containing a Jewish majority or able to attain a majority when the 100,000 have been added. The suggestion of a democratic federated state embracing separate Jewish and Arab administrative areas would be regarded by many Jews as an unhappy but acceptable compromise. The proposal set forth in the *Times* would be rejected by both these groups.

NO SURRENDER OF BASIC RIGHTS

No Jew I talked to would agree that the community should surrender its basic right of self-government and self-defense. Training for defense is as nearly compulsory as social pressure can make it. Every young person gives a year's service to the community, and if he is needed for the defense forces, that is where he goes. No secret is made of the existence and activities of Haganah; the fact that it is outlawed under British regulations merely induces a moderate discretion in talking about it.

Jews are filled with bitter contempt for the government's condemnation of "illegal armed forces." For Haganah supplied the British army with thousands of able fighters. The chairman of the Jewish Agency, Dr. Bernard Joseph, told me that the recruiting drive of the Zionist organizations was limited only by British reluctance to accept Jewish soldiers in numbers so totally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disproportionate to the handful of Arabs who served. Haganah was, of course, fully recognized during the Arab raids in the late thirties. It was this force, then ill-equipped and poorly trained, that defended the scattered settlements while British troops concentrated on the maintenance of general order and the protection of pipe lines. Today Haganah has come to be looked upon not only as a defense organization to be held in readiness for possible future trouble with the Arabs, but as an Army of Liberation upon which the Jews will depend if negotiations fail and the British try to maintain the status quo by force of arms.

There are other things the Jews want.

They are passionately eager to reclaim the land; one of the reasons partition would be a hard concession to make is that it would endanger if not end the hope of putting into effect the Jordan Valley plan and other large-scale projects designed to open great desert areas for farming.

They want to raise the standard of living of the whole country and level up to their own the standard of the Arabs. This is partly altruistic; partly it is in order to make possible an economic and political stability which can only be reached if the Arab masses are somehow drawn into the twentieth century.

Some Jews, wiser than the majority, want to make common cause with other threatened minority groups in the Arab states—particularly with their neighbors, the Christians of Lebanon.

But the basic desires of the Jews I talked with are wrapped up in the first two attitudes I have described. Put together they were expressed briefly by one of the wisest Palestinian leaders. He said to me: "Under no circumstances will we give up. We will fight to open Palestine to all Jews who want to come. We will fight to maintain Jewish Palestine. We have no other choice. We cannot go on from here. This is the stopping place—the end of the road. We will stay here or die."

Washington Peep Show

BY TRIS COFFIN

Washington, July 28

A BUSTLING little man with a harassed look was the most important man in Washington last Thursday. Congressmen and correspondents treated him deferentially; secretaries sidled up to him coquettishly. He was the Captain of the Capitol Police, the man in charge of arrangements for the biggest hit show of the season—the well-advertised appearance of Congressman Andrew Jackson May before the Mead Committee of the Senate. The captain was the man to see to be sure of getting a seat in the large Senate caucus room.

Washington is not an early-rising city, but many officials, hangers-on, and reporters were setting their alarm clocks for 7:30 Friday morning. The hearing would start at 9 sharp. The queues would begin forming at 8:30. When Friday came the Captain was a crushed man. He said plaintively, "There aren't any crowds." Another Capitol aide wailed, "We've got everything all set, and the actor doesn't show up." Congressman May was ill abed, suffering from a heart attack.

Senator Mead is an optimist. He opened the hearing by standing up and calling out in a clear voice, "Is Representative Andrew J. May in the room?" A useless question as the Senator could see by looking over the one row of spectators. The Congressman's attorney, a nervous young man with tightly pressed lips, told the committee that his client had suffered a stroke; the strain of recent weeks had been too much for him.

The Mead committee needed the personal appearance of the big Congressman to bolster a very badly sagging play. The first act had been as fascinating as a peep show. Fabulous characters were introduced and whisked out again. The breath of scandal blew tantalizing bits onto the copy paper. It was very refreshing to a Washington tired of serious thinking about such controversial issues as atomic energy and price control.

Most amazing of all the characters was Murray "Wolf" Garrson, the big-time promoter of the munitions combine which drew government contracts totalling $78,049,101. He is no stranger to Washington. He was some kind of a confidential agent for the Department of Labor in the Hoover Administration, and described himself to impressed strangers as an Assistant Secretary of Labor. The Department of Labor files on Garrson are voluminous and contain accusations that he was an arms smuggler, an alien smuggler, an intimate of gangsters, and a shake-down racketeer himself. Investigations were made by the FBI, but each complaint wound up with the notation that nothing could be proved.

The investigation reports did say that Garrson was more aggressive than he needed to be, that he operated in an irregular way, and that his associates were strange and shadowy characters. But the Wolf was elusive. It

TRIS COFFIN is a Columbia Broadcasting System commentator. He writes a weekly Washington report for The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was obvious that he had two qualities necessary to a successful promoter: he had all the brass in the world and the kind of overwhelming geniality that impresses politicians. When Senator Ferguson introduced the Garrson files into the hearing, he said sarcastically, "I understand that some people have had difficulty in finding out the character of Murray Garrson. There has been a woeful lack of interest on the part of certain representatives of the War Department in ascertaining the character and morality of people with whom they dealt." Such people, for instance, as Ben Fields, a friend of Garrson and an alumnus of the Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary. Senator Mitchell charged that Fields approached him and tried to bribe him as a member of the Mead committee. Another former inmate of Lewisburg, Sam Beard, was also in the picture. Then there was May's liaison agent, dapper Joseph Freeman, Washington representative of the Garrson interests. Like his friend, the Congressman, Freeman is currently suffering from heart trouble.

The cast even included a comic character, Louis Sarelas, the young government clerk who was made office manager for the Washington office of the Garrson's at a salary higher than a Senator's. He testified eagerly that he was "a sensitive soul" and that what he really yearned for was a Hollywood contract as a singer. Feminine charm was injected into the hearings by the two very good looking young secretaries in the Washington office. Their testimony was damaging to May, and contained charges that May would call up the office asking abruptly about money. They also told of the Alice in Wonderland atmosphere of the office: thousand-dollar bills waved about, calls to Capitol Hill, whiskey for generals, no files.

Andy May was certainly a handy-andy for the company, if the testimony was correct. He was alleged to have "contacted" the War Department and secured contracts for the Garrsons, to have gotten Sarelas out of the army, and to have interceded with General Eisenhower when Murray Garrson's son was involved in a court martial. It is difficult to understand just when May had any time for legislating or the Pentagon brass moments for doing anything but looking after Andy's friends. Just what May got out of the job of being errand boy is not exactly clear. He was agent for the Cumberland Lumber Company, a mysterious organization which had $48,000 advanced to it by the Garrsons. According to the pretty stenographers in the Washington office of the Garrson outfit, the Congressman seemed to have money on his mind when he called. On one occasion a Mrs. Hall heard him ask, "What about the $3,000?"

And there the first act ended. The second act has been bumping along like a flat tire. Nothing has been proven. There is no evidence thus far that the Garrsons defrauded the government out of millions. What might have been a shocking and tragic scandal washed out when the War Department was not able to trace defective mortar shells to the Garrson companies. The Navy Department issued a press release announcing with an air of haughty respectability that its dealing with Messrs. Garrson had been honorable and aboveboard, and there had been no trouble. Thus the case against Congressman May is still inference. No one has testified of seeing any money pass from the Garrsons to May.

The final act is coming up within a few days. The committee still hopes to have Representative May on the stand. Lindsey Warren, the aggressive Comptroller-General, is going to testify, and he has promised to give important information to the committee. Senator Mead has obtained permission from the White House to examine the income-tax returns of those connected with the Garrson empire.

If it has not yet confirmed the existence of a major scandal, the committee has already shown several sad weaknesses in the legislative and administrative systems of the government. But since they are not sensational enough to compete with murders and Hollywood news, they have been generally overlooked. The record shows:

(1) It is comparatively easy for any promoter with enough brass to make a monkey out of Washington. Murray Garrson had Congressmen and generals step obediently to his tunes. He understood the weaknesses of Washington, the subservience of any government department to the mighty men on the hill who control policy, appropriations, and promotions. The army could no more tell Andrew J. May to go to hell than a private could thumb his nose at a general. The War Department was forced to depend on the chairman of the Military Affairs Committee to steer its bills through the House. It is no secret that at one time the Secretary of War asked President Roosevelt to appoint May to a vacant Federal judgeship to get rid of this domineering autocrat who demanded favors for his friends in return for his support. The contempt with which the Garrson people held those who did their bidding for them was indicated by the code word for May. It was a Yiddish word, "yeichel," which means "sucker."

(2) The independent General Accounting Office has no authority to investigate war contracts until after they are terminated, and then only if there is evidence of fraud. Since one of the few ways to determine fraud is to examine the records, the GAO was almost powerless to look into billions of dollars of war contracts to see if Uncle Sam was cheated. It was only after the Mead Committee hearings that the GAO undertook to examine the Garrson contracts.

(3) The ancient Congressional traditions of courtesy and immunity from attack permitted Chairman May, at a time when his integrity was under a shadow, to control the House debate on one of the most important bills ever presented to any Congress, the atomic-energy con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trol bill. He was fighting vigorously and using the proxies of absent committee members to try and defeat civilian control of atomic energy. Yet no one rose in the House to question the propriety of having a man under suspicion of selling influence dominate debate on atomic energy control and head the House conferees.

Another case before the Mead committee involves West Coast politics. Representative John Coffee, Democrat, of Washington, is accused of accepting, through his former secretary, Paul Olson, a $2,500 check from a Washington state contractor. Senator Brewster, Maine Republican, has laid before the Mead committee this check together with letters from Coffee and Olson to the donor, Eivind Anderson.

Anderson is a contractor who shared in the construction of Fort Lewis, Washington, one of the largest army installations in the country. He made several trips to Washington when the contracts were being awarded and called on Congressmen. In 1941, after one of these trips, he sent the check to Olson. Coffee contends that the money represented a campaign contribution, and says that he did not declare it officially because it was received after the campaign. The two letters speak of the heavy financial burden on a Congressman in conducting campaigns.

The check and letters came to light five years later after a bitter primary fight for the mayoralty of Tacoma, Washington. In the non-partisan primary, two of the candidates were Olson and Anderson. Anderson was badly defeated, and Olson was out in front. After the primary, Anderson called on Mayor Harry Cain of Tacoma, who is now the Republican nominee of United States Senator, and turned over the check and two letters. Cain consulted the Department of Justice, which informed him if there was a criminal offense involved, the statute of limitations barred any action. He then made the letters and check public. They created a big stir in Tacoma, and Olson was defeated in the election.

The story has now been revived on the eve of the election campaigns. The Mead Committee is fully aware of the political implications and Senator Brewster has more or less withdrawn from active prosecution of the case.

British Labor's First Year

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

London, July 24

BEFORE me lies a letter sent me last week by a Socialist friend in Prague. He wrote: "Czech Socialists are watching with keen interest to see whether the British government goes through with its bread-rationing scheme. This is regarded here as a test case whose results will show how far Britain is determined to pursue the policies of orderly planning. The abandonment of bread rationing would be viewed here as tragic evidence that the Labor government is beginning to yield to extra-parliamentary pressure groups and is prepared to allow Britain's economy to be assimilated gradually to unfettered United States free enterprise."

My Prague friend has not been disappointed. There were certainly last-moment hesitations on the part of some members of the government. They feared the electoral effects of the intensive anti-rationing campaign worked up by the Tory press and urged that the Canadian promises of additional wheat exports to Britain should serve as an excuse for dropping an admittedly unpopular measure. Happily wiser counsels prevailed. Attlee, taking his courage in both hands, insisted that if bread rationing were dropped the government would be defenseless against the charge of a spineless surrender to the bakers' rebellion and would face a devastating loss of prestige.

The inherent weakness in the case for bread rationing lies, of course, in the fact that unless the present scale is reduced, there will be very little saving in bread consumption. Some abnormally large bread consumers, such as miners and agricultural workers who take their midday meal from home in the form of sandwiches, will probably have to make out with fewer loaves. But the average middle-class family's experience suggests that barely two-thirds of the allocated quota of coupons will be expended on bread, leaving an ample margin for cakes and confectionery flour at the normal rate of consumption.

It would, however, be wrong to suppose that the government decided to impose such an unpopular scheme simply for the purpose of impressing America with the sincerity of Britain's professions of maximum austerity in the cause of other starving peoples. Food Minister John Strachey has insisted throughout that his primary motive in rationing is to insure against the possibility either of a poor British harvest or interruption—through labor disputes or the removal of OPA ceilings—in supplies of grain from America. If all goes well he undoubtedly hopes to end bread rationing before the winter, but

AYLMER VALLANCE is a staff contributor and regular London correspondent for The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meanwhile it is essential to have in force a flexible machinery to deal with unforeseen contingencies.

This argument is cogent but difficult to put across to Britain's war-weary housewives, harassed by the necessity of arithmetically working out bread budgets and clipping three different sets of coupons with variable loaf values from ration books.

As it was, the seemingly needless complexities of the proposed system, coupled with the government's inability to prove the absolute inevitability of a future wheat shortage, gave full opportunity to the less responsible elements of the opposition press. Bidding correspondents abroad to file stories depicting luxurious black-market meals and luxury-piled shelves in continental shops, they appealed to the public's basest emotions in an attempt to prove that the government was imposing one more unnecessary control for doctrinaire reasons. Simultaneously, so-called housewives' associations and organizations, some of whose promotors had previously been linked with anti-Semitic, anti-alien agitations, bombarded Parliament with letters and petitions against bread rationing. The culmination of this pressure was the threat by the Association of Master Bakers, representing forty per cent of all bakery employers, to refuse to cooperate in the rationing. The Master Bakers were confident of full support from the Tory Party in this revolt against Parliament. Actually, however, more responsible leaders of the Tory opposition realized that if they gave their blessing to a political strike by bakery employers, they would have a poor case against any future strike by organized labor for political reasons. The influential Yorkshire *Post* published a solemn warning against unconstitutional action, and in the final Parliamentary debate on rationing Churchill exhorted the bakers to obey the law.

Nevertheless, though the sale of rationed bread began on Monday in orderly fashion, with the public philosophically accepting the nuisance of coupon clipping, anti-rationing agitation provided the keynote for the opposition in three by-elections this week, at Bexley, Pontypool, and North Battersea. In each case the Tory candidate's appeal to the electorate was: "Last year Labor candidates promised you Socialist planning and prosperity. Did you think then that a year hence you would have less bread, less coal, less beer, less fun; that your petrol would still be rationed; and that you would still be subject to a host of war-time restrictions and shortages?" Backed by the mass circulation of the press combines, whose organization and influence the National Union of Journalists has now urged the government to investigate, this campaign attributing all grievances to the government might well have caused a sizable swing in votes.

This, however, has not been borne out by the results. In Pontypool, a Labor stronghold, the drop in the government majority from nineteen to fourteen thousand was due entirely to abstentions of Labor voters in a small poll denoting apathy. The Tory vote was identical to that of last summer. In Bexley, near London, a suburban constituency including a large proportion of lower middle-class electors susceptible to Beaverbrook-Rothermere propaganda, the government majority was reduced from eleven to two thousand, but this again reflected a five thousand drop in the Labor poll. Last summer, it was a three-cornered contest with the Liberal Party polling nearly six thousand votes, the majority of which have probably now been transferred to the Tories; hence, the combined anti-Labor poll was actually no larger than before, even though the Tory vote was greater. Finally, the Labor totals in North Battersea showed a drop of about three thousand votes, representing the loss of some lukewarm supporters. The opposition vote, however, remained static despite the platform circus that was put on by Tory ex-ministers during the closing stages of the campaign.

Taken together, these by-election results support the conclusion that there has been some swing toward the opposition of the unstable, floating vote which Labor gained last summer, but that the government's solid supporters are sufficiently satisfied with the record of the past year to withstand the anti-Labor press campaigns. My Czech friend, living in the capital of a country that is experiencing a remarkable economic and social renaissance under a left government, would probably find a lack of enthusiasm for the government's achievements reflected in the current drop of Labor polls. Admittedly there has been nothing sufficiently revolutionary in the government's program to justify rooting on the political campus. Nevertheless, the electors who voted Labor into power in 1945 appreciate the fact that in one year of office the government has put through an unparalleled program of social legislation, either already enacted or nearing the statute book. The Bank of England and the coal mines have been nationalized. Comprehensive measures establishing social insurance and state medical service will soon be law. After a slow start, municipal construction of houses to let at reasonable rents to working-class tenants is well under way. Demobilization has proceeded smoothly, if slowly, with frictional unemployment below three per cent. Chancellor Dalton has already found it possible to remit some taxes and promises further remissions next April. Finally, thanks to booming exports, Britain's balance of payments is in much better shape than seemed likely a year ago.

It is necessary, however, to note that this week's by-elections were fought on issues exclusively of domestic policy. The question is whether the present qualified endorsement of the government's policy will be reaffirmed one or two years hence when the consequences of Bevinism have begun to impinge more forcibly on the mind of the man in the street. Retrospective examina-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of twelve months of Labor's foreign policy leads to the regrettable conclusion that with remarkable consistency in every issue, Bevin, with the support of Cabinet right-wingers, is adopting a strategy which will ultimately result in Britain's becoming friendless, powerless, and morally bankrupt. His aims are not consciously evil. Sincerely anxious to preserve the living standards of British workers, he considers that this entails maintaining, first, the inviolability of Britain's control of Middle Eastern oil and the Mediterranean sea route; and secondly, maximum British trade with western Europe, whose purchasing power is vitally dependent on the economic rehabilitation of Germany. From this general proposition, with which the majority of Laborites here would agree, he argues that (1) in the Middle East Britain must counter Russian infiltration by seeking "reliable" Arab support; (2) the Mediterranean must be secured by having in Greece and Spain governments supposedly loyal because they are grateful for British backing; (3) western Germany, at least, must be saved from inclusion in the closed Russian economy by the revival of industry under the management of German elements desirous of trade with the West.

The lamentable results of this policy are already visible. For the sake of Middle Eastern oil Britain is acquiescing in the savage repression of all Greek and Egyptian progressives by semi-fascist regimes and is risking a disastrous and bloody war with the Palestine Jews. In Europe, having antagonized every Russian-inclined country by ineffective interference in the name of "democratic liberty," we are now drifting into enforced reliance in Germany on unpurged Nazis and managements of the big, still-undissolved industrial trusts. Everywhere, instead of seeking, as Socialists, friendship with the workers of all countries, we are wooing, appeasing, leaning on, the worst elements of reactionary landlordism and feudalism.

It is possible that this policy may yield short-term dividends. But the long-term consequences are seen by many Laborite M. P.'s as catastrophic. First, neither the German capitalists nor the feudal leaders of Greece and Arabia can be counted as staunch friends of Britain even if they are capable of resisting their own Russian-inspired working-class forces. Second, the success of Bevinism implies continued American support for British imperialism. But, it is commented here, this is unlikely to be forthcoming in relation to Palestine and is bound ultimately to be forfeited by impending Anglo-American commercial competition and, probably, the inevitable recourse by the British government to every escape clause in the recently concluded loan agreement and consequential trade pact. And last, the full fruits of Bevinist power politics will disintegrate the moral self-respect of the whole British Labor movement. On the present showing, the Foreign Secretary's epitaph is likely to be, "He destroyed Labor's soul and failed to save Britain's oil."

Mexico: Ballots Without Bullets

BY ANITA BRENNER

Mexico City, July 20

ON THE AFTERNOON of July 6, Mexico City pulled down its iron shutters, laid in a stock of food, and bolted its doors, prepared for elections next day. Women and children were warned off the streets and extra troops were moved in as the army got ready to take over. The president had given his word that this time (at last!) elections would be orderly, free, and fair; but among average, non-political people the customary attitude prevailed: "Me? Go out to vote? I'm a peaceable citizen!"

Late that night cordons of jeeps and armored trucks swung out along the deserted avenues. Platoons deployed quietly into the "delicate" spots and squads went to guard each polling-place.

Soon after sunrise the next morning, strings of buses marked *Servicio Especial* proceeded slowly toward union headquarters, one in each main zone, and there emptied, parked, and stayed parked. Some of the men who got off said that they had been called in for a mammoth Alemán victory parade that night, but that the army had forbidden all demonstrations and it had been cancelled. At Padilla's house correspondents were told that the buses were to take voters with phony credentials en bloc from district to district to roll up Alemán totals. At the munition workers' union, where there was a particularly large concentration, they explained that the bus-drivers' union was providing courtesy transportation service, because everything was so new and voters might have trouble finding their polling places.

The truth was that the bus-loads were shock-troops: ten thousand peasants and union men mobilized and held

ANITA BRENNER, an authority on Mexico, has contributed to The Nation *for many years. She has written several books on Mexico, the most recent of which is "The Wind That Swept Mexico: The History of the Mexican Revolution, 1910-1942."*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in readiness for—for what? Well, in the first place, there had never been an election that had not deteriorated, early in the day usually, into street fighting. Six years ago in the Avila Camacho-Almazán contest the police had melted away, and Almazán, had he so chosen, might have stormed the National Palace with his crowds and perhaps taken the government. In the second place, Padilla had been talking quite frankly about impending inevitable violence. A few days before, he had told correspondents that though he was well satisfied with the new electoral law (which follows the outlines of normal democratic suffrage) and pleased that the army would guarantee its peaceful functioning, and though he trusted the President to keep his word that elections would be fair, nevertheless it seemed unlikely things would work out this way because Alemán had the entire government machinery behind him, and nothing but fraud could be expected of the same old gang. He insisted that the masses were filled with civic fervor and would not stand for it, and the country would very likely fall into "grave uneasiness and insecurity."

Caricature by Seligson

President Alemán

Some of us had tips, from other sources, of *putsch*-plots, which the government was evidently taking seriously. It was our impression—and pretty generally taken for granted—that Padilla had no intention of conceding an Alemán victory under any circumstances, and that he intended to fight, perhaps by the traditional method of setting up a rump Congress somewhere, by the other traditional method of an uprising, or perhaps by a sergeants' revolt with air-force support. He clearly expected United States sympathy and backing, and said in several interviews that he felt it necessary and proper for other American governments to intervene by refusing to recognize a regime established under suspicion of force—the Wilsonian doctrine of "orderly process," which is dynamite in Mexico and not much cherished in any Latin American country.

The electoral line-up was:

Miguel Alemán. Backed by the government party and a coalition of other parties, including all the unions plus leading business men and intellectuals. His strength: a job of organization such as had never been seen before, and personal popularity. His weakness: endorsement by the "status quo" groups, as well as by prominent left-wingers.

Ezequiel Padilla. Backed by a curious combination of "outs," including many government employees, in a party called the Partido Democrático Mexicano, holding Tory opinions. His strength: leader of opposition feeling. His weakness: slipshod organization, too many semi-fascists in his train (including the discredited *Dorados*), and the widespread notion that he was the United States candidate.

General Augustín Castro. Backed mostly by personal followers. His strength: anti-government sentiment and personal popularity. His weakness: the impression that he was stooging for Alemán.

General Enrique Calderón. Also backed by personal friends. His strength: anti-government sentiment. His weakness: not much of a record in public life.

The other parties in the field, Accion Nacional and Fuerza Popular (official name of the Sinarquistas), are both strongly anti-government and strongly Catholic in make-up. However, Manuel Gomez Morín, Accion Nacional leader, follows the *Rerum Novarum,* social-reform line of Catholic thinking, while the Sinarquistas flatly repudiate the Mexican Revolution and all its works. Accion Nacional tried to launch a coalition-opposition candidate —somebody picked from among the old revolutionaries —but its choice, Luis Cabrera, declined. Both Accion Nacional and the Sinarquistas then shrewdly refrained from the presidential contest and threw all their strength into the Congressional elections.

The campaign developed into an Alemán- Padilla race, with the complex Congressional struggles much in the background. The presidential candidates ran sharply dissimilar campaigns. Alemán's mass meetings followed the fiesta pattern: girls, music, flowers. On the next day he would hold an industrial or economic forum, conducted much like a seminar, implying that his main interest would be to bring, through increased production, the cost of living down, the standard of living up.

Nearly everywhere, governors, deputies, old revolutionaries, unions, peasant leagues, and chambers of commerce were so solidly and confidently riding this bandwagon that the Alemán committee could afford to push, as it did, the electoral-reform law and every other method of guaranteeing democratic suffrage. Their machine was such that they had scarcely more need for violent means to victory than, say, the Democrats in Texas. They were obviously, because of the underlying national sullenness over inflation, shaping their strategy by the knowledge that their government would be more tenable, more stable, and much better able to perform on its large promises, if it came to power down a broad new highway of popular suffrage, under no dubious shadow of strong-arm stuff.

Padilla, on the other hand, campaigned like an apostle. His followers supplied overtones of martyrdom, crying out often that they were being threatened, persecuted, and hounded. They offered no specific evidence

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of this, but their campaign *was* tough sledding because wherever Padilla went he had to buck union boycotts—no transportation, closed restaurants, failure of electric current, and so forth. His crowds, considerably smaller, were given no fiestas. They were keyed up to a sacrificial, defiant mood. The women wept and the men yelled in desperate fury. Above them the benign, faintly clerical figure of Padilla eloquently described their misery, emphasizing the graft and corruption that coined millions out of their hunger, warning them of the Red Menace, and accusing union leaders and government bigwigs as their exploiters. He offered "democracy" as the remedy for all this and invoked God.

Such crowds, whipped to an hysterical pitch on election day by an incident, might easily proceed (with clubs and a few tommyguns concealed in cars, and a banner of the Virgin of Guadalupe ahead) to—maybe more than riots, much more. Considering the dreadful gap between what most of Mexico earns and what it now costs to eat, Padilla might, after all, set off a blaze that had nothing to do with who should be president.

Some of us felt, when we started out early election morning, that perhaps the army ought to have lent us jeeps, or at least helmets and steel vests. We soon found that our press arm-bands allowed us free entry everywhere: past the mask-faced Indian soldiers into the polls, behind the official tables if we liked, to police headquarters, to the Red Cross, into the Electoral Vigilance Board. We moved around as we pleased all day, and between us—all the foreign press and a host of Mexican reporters—we covered the city pretty thoroughly, finding everywhere the same picture: long lines of citizens queued up to vote, waiting with extraordinarily cheerful patience and rather proud of the quiet Sunday manner in which Mexico was at last performing its civic duties.

The polling places were primitive affairs: long tables or counters, with watchers of every party around, and soldiers watching grimly for any sign of disturbance or coercion. Most voters marked their ballots quite in the open, so it was possible for any watcher, or any reporter, to tally. It was going as one might expect: in the richer districts, a close race, impossible to forecast totals; in the workers' districts, Alemán way ahead. We all noted a heavy split vote; Accion Nacional was getting Congressional votes on both Alemán and Padilla ballots, thus forecasting a brand new prospect in Mexican politics—real opposition in Congress.

By mid-afternoon the city began to look like any Sunday; boys and girls going to the movies, children out buying balloons. There was a queer look on many faces, a suppressed and skeptical delight. The voters' queues were still blocks long, perhaps longer now. The turn-out, patently, was much bigger than the electoral machinery could handle, so that many voters stood all day and some all night, and voting was still going on late next day. This was stretching the law, but, in view of the circumstances—and inasmuch as the opposition had charged that the slowness was a maneuver to blockade the polls with early-rising Alemanistas—it was doubtless the only safe and reasonable thing to do. Several of us went out of our way to track down reports of fraud and violence given out at Padilla headquarters. But at the addresses where we had been told Padilla watchers had been driven away, we found these gentlemen at their posts, wearily eating sandwiches.

Late that night three of us wedged past the crowd, the soldiers, and the piled-up boxes on which the soldiers were sitting, into the central board. We had been told that ballot boxes all over the city were being hijacked, with military and police connivance. We found about half the boxes in, and more coming steadily with armed escort and in custody of all watchers. Some were being opened and counted inside because, the counters told us, they had felt a little "unsafe" about performing this delicate operation at the polls. Complaints were coming into all party headquarters—including Alemán's—that in many zones military commanders had seized the boxes and locked them up under guard. Hijacked boxes turned out to be the principal complaint afterwards, and the courts may now have to listen to thousands of suits in order to find out where it was a case of military woodenheadedness, where it was over-enthusiastic rough stuff on the part of the local bosses, and where it was sheer mechanical confusion, due to the newness of the whole procedure.

The first national reports, on the following day, accurately forecast the final results: first, the astounding news, no violence; second, in the industrial centers, the same picture as in the capital—a close race, pointing to a heavy protest vote aimed, evidently, at the unions, or maybe specifically at Toledano and his group; third, in the rural districts—where the great majority of the vote was cast—a big Alemán lead, but in those where Sinarquistas are numerous, a heavy split vote, with probable Congressional representation for either Accion Nacional or the Sinarquistas themselves. The total count, arrived at over a week later, gives Alemán close to two million and Padilla about half a million, and so far shows three opposition winners in Congress. The count won't be official until September, when the Chamber of Deputies meets as an electoral college and, independently of the courts, attempts to unravel the districts and zones in dispute, perhaps increasing the opposition representation.

Meanwhile, all three of the leading opposition parties are charging fraud. Padilla claims wholesale fraud and calls for popular action; and though his predicted uprisings do not now seem likely, his followers are a latent, potent source of anti-Red, anti-union, anti-government violence. The other two oppositions carefully disassociate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves from the Padilla position. They are sticking to legal procedures, pushing only specific claims. They also repudiate rather vehemently the idea of action by a foreign government. "That," Accion Nacional's Gomez Morín told this correspondent, "is intervention. I personally would hate to be called upon to decide on the legality of an election, say, in some part of the United States. No, our way—teaching the people the meaning of law—is slower at the start but faster in the end. Next time. . . ."

Small-Town America

BY ALDEN STEVENS

V. Los Alamos, New Mexico

ON A 7,000-foot mesa between deep canyons honeycombed with prehistoric cliff dwellings, in a land of ancient ways and ancient people, is the most important small town in America.

Here is the birthplace of a new world. Here have gathered not only the brains of this new world but its conscience—for only those who created it are able to comprehend it fully and understand their responsibility toward it. They have touched the lives of every one on earth.

In the autumn of 1942 Los Alamos was an exclusive ranch school. The next spring it was even more exclusive, for it was becoming the best-equipped nuclear-physics laboratory in the world and was scheduled to be the cradle of the atomic bomb.

To reach Los Alamos you descend from Santa Fe through hot, sandy land and cross the Rio Grande at the sleepy Spanish-American town of Espanola. The new blacktop road twists and winds past the brown adobe houses of the ancient Indian pueblo of Santa Clara, famous for black pottery and beautiful ceremonial dancing. The road runs parallel with the river, dipping sharply into dry stream beds and rising with equal sharpness on the far sides. To the east the cottonwood and Indian-tilled fields make a green strip along the river. Now you begin to climb on a shelf-road up the canyon wall to the Pajarito Plateau, a gently sloping mesa backed by the high, green Jemez Mountains.

At the guarded outer gate your passes are minutely examined and your car carefully checked. The piney perfume of piñon, the cedar-sweet juniper odor, and the spicy smell of sage dominate even after you enter the town. They have not succumbed to the new odors of gasoline, whirling volcanic dust, and sweating humanity.

Stretching over the mesa from the original congested center of the project—where dark-green, plainly-rectangular, four-apartment buildings huddle beam to beam with administration buildings and barracks—are the shopping center, theaters, fire station, and more housing units. The asphalt and gravel streets of Los Alamos plunge down crazy slopes, wind among the houses and the tall pines, intersect with no apparent design. Zooming jeeps, heavy trucks, and passenger cars fill the narrow roads. The immense car and truck pools, the jammed-together buildings, the whirling dust all give a first impression of bustle and confusion.

Los Alamos is a living monument to Franklin D. Roosevelt. No one but he could have shouldered the responsibility for the decision to set up this enormous organization and the two even larger plants at Hanford and Oak Ridge, that fed it with raw material.

Once the decision had been made, Major General Leslie R. Groves and the army did a herculean job of expediting the work and (possibly an even more difficult job) of keeping it secret. They were completely successful. The scientists lacked nothing they needed, and they got whatever they wanted fast. And the secrecy was maintained.

We had dinner with several members of the Association of Los Alamos Scientists. Dr. Willard Stout, a broad, quiet young physicist, told us of a fifteen-minute weekly radio program on Albuquerque's KOB, recorded for the use of other stations as well, on which he had spoken. ALAS also publishes a weekly newsletter, and one member is technical consultant on an atomic bomb film now being made in Hollywood. Afterwards we went to Dr. Stout's cubicle in one of the log school buildings, once a schoolboy's room, and talked. We mentioned that the town seemed completely unplanned.

"How could it be planned?" Dr. David Hawkins, the blond, curly-haired historian of the project, asked. "Even Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the director, had no idea at first how large it would be—he thought maybe 300 people would be enough. There are about 7,000 here now. It always grew much faster than anyone could anticipate. It doubled, tripled, quadrupled before anyone could figure out what was happening."

Stout and Lester Guttman, a brilliant little black-haired boy with owlish eyes who has been doing vital work at Los Alamos since the earliest days, told us how

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every day more scientists, more technicians, more machinists were brought in. The army men found housing and set it up wherever they could—fast. In addition to the ten log-and-stone houses of the school (known now as "bathtub row" because there are only showers elsewhere) and the army-designed apartment houses, there are square hutments, round-roofed Quonset huts, TVA-type prefabricated houses, and some fifteen other kinds of living quarters, including barracks and a large variety of government and privately-owned trailers. The desperate urgency of the work, which for two years meant no day off but Christmas, gave no time for community planning.

The army built Los Alamos and, with the aid of the purely advisory town council, the army runs it. This town council, elected every six months, was most revealing to some of the scientific personnel who served on it.

"We were all individualists," Stout told us. "Most of us had lived in big cities where we didn't have to worry about traffic control or sewage disposal or sidewalks. Here we were thrown together in an isolated little community—mixed with two or three thousand GI's, hard-boiled machinists from Detroit and Chicago, and a lot of local Spanish-American labor. We had to figure out how to make the town function. It was a real microcosm, and in a small way it taught us all something about how the world solves its problems."

Stout and Guttman are both leaving Los Alamos soon for jobs at the University of Chicago. But they both feel strongly that the isolation of the atom-bomb town had formed permanent friendships and associations. They had to find everything within themselves. They had to be concerned with schools and church services. For recreation they produced plays as a little theatre group, and they sang as a choral society. When babies were born or mothers were ill, other women always helped out. They took care of each other's babies and bought each other's groceries. The women's auxiliary of ALAS does typing and letter-writing because the men are too busy. The spirit of cooperation is very strong.

The strict security measures, which successfully kept the great secret, called for monitored phone calls and censored mail. Yet within the necessary limits old settlers say the town is a democratic one. The army-run cafeterias, supermarket, beauty shop, barber shop, and two theatres are open to all and all stand in line. There are no exclusive shops or clubs. Signs on many buildings are in both English and Spanish.

"There was a democracy of obligation," Assistant Director E. J. Demson told us. "The workers felt the job they were doing was extremely important to their friends and relatives in uniform, even when they didn't know what it was. There was mutual respect between the top brains and the top skills. Scientists and machinists would sit on nail kegs and work out problems together. There were misfits and there were arguments, of course. We worked closely with the shop grievance committees."

The list of scientific workers includes almost every important name in nuclear physics—Oppenheimer, Fermi, and Bohr merely begin the roll. "For a long time," David Hawkins recalled, "no one was really sure the bomb would work. In fact, the scientists had a pool on the amount of energy that would result from the New Mexico test. Some of the guesses were zero."

Since the bomb has been proven, their first concern has been with the control of atomic power to maintain peace. Atomic research has done something more than open a fresh and broad frontier for science: it has brought scientists into world politics.

For these young men (the average age of Los Alamos scientists is less than thirty) are perfectly conscious of what they have brought about, they are more aware of it than anyone else. In long night sessions they have hashed it over and seen it as a new problem which must be solved by new means. Most of them believe that world government will come eventually, but that the bomb exists now, and some workable scheme of international control must be effected immediately. They regard the Acheson proposals for technical safeguards, ownership of raw-material sources and production plants by an international authority, and licensing of "denatured" material for "safe" activities only, as the most promising interim approach. In fact, the presence of Dr. Oppenheimer on the board of consultants which prepared the report upon which Acheson's proposals were founded suggests that these ideas may have originated in Los Alamos.

A complete revision of the world is not something even a nuclear physicist undertakes every day. And this artificial little town of Los Alamos, where more brains were assembled than have ever before worked in such close quarters on such a vital project, has bound these families together indissolubly. For the bomb was no one man's work—it was the work of the town. And these people can laugh together over the few Los Alamos prima donnas, they can think grimly about the endless, grinding days and nights without rest, they can recall the tense moments before the first test, and they can take satisfaction in the fact that their work together at Los Alamos helped bring a swifter end to the war and saved many American lives.

The little town on the Pajarito Plateau has time now to build permanent houses, to put in a more reliable water supply, to build a broader and shorter highway to Santa Fe. It will be a calmer and more settled place than the one these men knew. But it will always be the town that changed everything, the town that invented and fabricated the atomic bomb, the town that taught individualistic scientists to work together and to take an active part in the management of the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

King Cotton in a Balloon

TEN YEARS ago old King Cotton was sitting on a very shaky throne and his days as autocratic ruler of the South seemed to be numbered. But the war has restored his prestige, his revenues, and the confidence of his followers who, rejoicing in the return of a prosperity which they thought had gone forever, have embarked on a speculative spree with little thought of what tomorrow may bring.

Few commodities have risen more in price since the war started than cotton. It has never been subjected to ceilings, for every effort by OPA to fix the price was strenuously and successfully resisted by the powerful cotton bloc in Congress. Even attempts to check speculation in cotton by an order compelling traders to put up larger margins were bitterly opposed, although margin trading in securities has been banned altogether. So cotton prices soared from an average of 14 cents a pound in 1941 to almost 30 cents on June 28.

The lapse of OPA provided a fresh stimulus for, although that did not change the market status of cotton itself, it made possible increased prices for cotton goods and so encouraged manufacturers to bid up the price of the raw material. On July 19 the spot quotation touched 36 cents a pound, a 23-year high, and the friends of cotton started talking it up to 50 cents—a level not reached even in the 1920 inflation. Since then, however, some of this enthusiasm has evaporated, as a wave of selling struck the over-extended market, pulling prices back to 32.20 cents on July 27. Such swift fluctuations are characteristic of a boom period, and we have not yet seen the high-water mark.

The speculative pace has proved rather alarming to the manufacturing interests who fear they may become the targets of public wrath when they adjust their prices to the higher cost of raw cotton. "In the event that OPA is not revived," wrote the *Journal of Commerce* on July 16, "and the public is forced to pay what it may regard as excessive prices for its textiles, the blame for this will properly be handed to the raw cotton speculator." Actually there hasn't been much hesitation to adjust quotations on a wide range of cloths upwards during the past four weeks. A list on my desk shows that the most modest advance over OPA ceilings has been one of 9 per cent in denims, the greatest one of 18 to 25 per cent in cotton blankets. And there are numerous examples of increases ranging from 10 to 20 per cent. Now that OPA is reestablished cloth manufacturers and finishers are beginning to worry about possible roll-backs. They want the higher prices they have set confirmed and hint that if attempts are made to enforce lower ceilings goods will be withdrawn from the market. In the campaign against OPA the textile interests have been prominent from the first despite the fact that ceilings have not hindered them from making a brilliant profit record.

With or without OPA it seems to me that everyone connected with cotton, from the planter to the retailer, would, if far-sighted, do his utmost to dampen down the current boom. For if most of the short-term factors in the situation are bullish, the long-term prospects for this fiber are far from favorable. The current shortage on which the upward movement of prices has been based is local rather than universal. The 1945 United States cotton crop was small and this year's is not expected to be much larger. It will, in fact, be insufficient to meet the requirements of domestic spinners, not to mention a rising export demand. Thus stocks which have been reduced by 3½ million bales in the last year to 8,659,000, will be pulled down still further.

That is the cheerful side of the picture from the speculators' point of view but it is not the whole story. According to the *Wall Street Journal* of July 7 total world supplies of raw cotton on August 1, 1946, will stand at 48 million bales. This is equal to two years' supply at the current rate of consumption. True, the world has been starved of textiles for years and consumption may expand as war-damaged mills are restored and workers demobilized. But high prices bear hard on the Asiatic and African buyers of textiles, who make up an important part of the world market and, at the same time, they encourage the extension of cotton acreage in such countries as Brazil. A year hence the statistical situation may be far less favorable than now, even though American mills continue to devour material at their present record rate. And a sudden decline in the American appetite for textiles cannot be ruled out. Look what happened in 1920! At the beginning of that year wide print cloths, a typical product, sold at 21 cents a yard; at the end they were quoted at eight cents after reaching a high of 26 cents in between. The corresponding course of spot cotton prices was: Opening, 39.25 cents; high, 43.75; low, 14.50; close, 14.75. That summary ought to remind King Cotton that balloons can fall as well as rise.

In the past fifteen years, domestic prices for American cotton have been artificially sustained, but the result has been the loss of a large part of the foreign market to countries which could produce at lower costs. Now the home market is threatened by a competitor not susceptible to tariff treatment—synthetic fiber. Constant research is making rayon an increasingly flexible raw material and it is encroaching on the domain of cotton at many different points. On July 10, H. Gordon Smith, vice-president of the United States Rubber Company, told a meeting that at current prices rayon was more economical for tire cord than cotton. In fact, about fifty per cent of the tires being made are using rayon and the only reason the percentage is not larger is the inadequate supply of high-tenacity rayon yarn. But production is rapidly rising. In 1945 rayon output totalled 792 pounds and today an annual production rate of 850 million pounds, equivalent to 1.7 million bales of cotton, has been achieved.

If King Cotton is to meet successfully competition of this caliber, his courtiers had better stop worrying about how to keep prices up and do more hard thinking about getting costs down. The means by which this can be done are known: in parts of Texas mechanized plantations are already producing at six to seven cents a pound. But the general application of these means requires modernization of the whole social structure of the south.

KEITH HUTCHISON

LIBRARY
TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Death of the Sheriff

"forsitan et Priami fuerint quae fata, requiras?"

I

NOLI ME TANGERE

We park and stare. A full sky of the stars
Wheels from the pumpkin setting of the moon
And sparks the windows of the yellow farm
Where the red-flannelled madmen look through bars
At windmills thrashing snowflakes by an arm
Of the Atlantic. Soon
The undertaker who collects antiques
Will let his motor idle at the door
And set his pine-box on the parlor floor.
Our homicidal sheriff howled for weeks;

We kiss. The State had reasons: on the whole,
It acted out of kindness when it locked
Its servant in this place and had him watched
Until an ordered darkness left his soul
A *tabula rasa*; when the Angel knocked
The sheriff laid his notched
Revolver on the table for the guest.
Night draws us closer in its bearskin wrap
And our loved sightless smother feels the tap
Of the blind stars descending to the west

To lay the Devil in the pit our hands
Are draining like a windmill. Who'll atone
For the unsearchable quicksilver heart
Where spiders stare their eyes out at their own
Spitting and knotted likeness? We must start:
Our aunt, his mother, stands
Singing *O Rock of Ages*, as the light
Wanderers show a man with a white cane
Who comes to take the coffin in his wain,
The thirsty Dipper on the arc of night.

II

THE PORTRAIT

The whiskey circulates, until I smash
The candelabrum from the mantel-top,
And scorch Poseidon on the panel where
He forks the blocks of Troy into the air.
A chipmunk shucks the strychnine in a cup;
The popping pine-cones flash
Like shore-bait on his face in oils. My bile
Rises, and beads of perspiration swell
To flies and splash the *Parmachenie Belle*
That I am scraping with my uncle's file.

I try the barb upon a pencilled line
Of Vergil. Nothing underneath the sun
Has bettered, Uncle, since the scaffolds flamed
On butchered Troy until Aeneas shamed
White Helen on her hams by Vesta's shrine . . .
All that the Greeks have won
I'll cancel with a sidestroke of my sword;
Now I can let my father, wife and son
Banquet Apollo for Laomedon:
Helen will satiate the fire, my Lord.

I search the starlight . . . Helen will appear,
Pura per noctem in luce . . . I am chilled,
I drop the barbless fly into my purse
Beside his nickel shield. It is God's curse,
God's, that has purpled Lucifer with fear
And burning. God has willed;
I lift the window. Digging has begun,
The hill road sparkles, and the mourners' cars
Wheel with the whited sepulchres of stars
To light the worldly dead-march of the sun.

ROBERT LOWELL

Neo-Pagan in the Forties

THE CONDEMNED PLAYGROUND—ESSAYS: 1927-1944. Cyril Connolly. Macmillan. $2.75.

DURING his last chapel at Eton, Cyril Connolly did not bow his head at the creed, and the autobiographical "Enemies of Promise" reveals that during the leaving hymn he read, as usual, from his choice edition of Petronius Arbiter bound in black crushed levant. Connolly the Irish romantic, the neo-pagan, has remained a literary epicure with an exquisite taste for sophisticate Romans and the French. After Balliol he escaped into the hot south of France and there settled his debt with the nineteen-twenties by depositing residues of a "deepening passion for low life" in a "Mediterranean" novel, "The Rock Pool," with its character of the Pernod addict Naylor. Presently *Angst* set in—sloth, boredom, tears in the eyes in the morning—with those insistent frustrations lamented in "The Unquiet Grave" causing Connolly to feel that, like Virgil's Palinurus, he might resign the struggle, that he lacked the herd instinct, that there might be something vulgar in success. Besides, he was approaching forty. Yet he could still "concentrate on his vocabulary," arranging his opinions into classical simplicities. His vocation could still be Art.

Then the blitz ravaged Chelsea, the literary scene of the nineteen-thirties. Art itself seemed to be a condemned playground. In this retrospective collection of thirty-seven fragmentary reviews, parodies, and occasional pieces Connolly looks wistfully backward from 1944 to 1927 over his period of "ebullience, mediocrity, frivolity, and talent" and detects "the dawn of a social conscience" in himself about 1935 while he was reviewing a life of Lord Knebworth, whose abilities were perverted by the stupidity of the gov-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erning class. In the following year Connolly is reporting the situation in Barcelona, and by 1943 he is dreading that statism in the new Europe may continue to thwart Art.

In this collection the early criticisms of Joyce and Gide, and even those of Rimbaud and Mann written in the "decadent" thirties, are talented; the parodies on the novel are ebullient; and in the controversy over Housman's poetry Connolly comes off very well indeed. His taste for the French and Romans always sets him a cosmopolitan standard. But even under a concession of frivolity he did not need to exhume mannerisms like his journal for 1927, when he was "just twenty-four and dangerously happy" and "had a perfect moment as the boat moved out" for Dunkirk. Connolly, the critic as artist, is often at confessional. He once defined imagination as nostalgia for the past, and is so tolerant of Permanent Adolescence that his interpretations are occasionally second springs, returns upon Eton and salad days in the Midi, elegiac offerings to the Great God Peter Pan.

His facility in the *pensée*, his depressions, his raptures are, like Bunthorne's, a little yallery-greenery: "I am," he intimates while speaking of the "treacherous" air of Firbank's novels, "secretly a lyricist; the works to which I lose my heart are those that attempt, with a purity and a kind of dewy elegance, to portray the beauty of the moment, the gaiety and sadness, the fugitive distress of hedonism." This was written in 1936. With hedonist acumen he identifies "the strange, bitter-sweet intensity emerging from Sterne's most artificial sentences that forms his particular signature." Connolly admires the urbanity of Chesterfield and Pope, who serve as "the second line of defence of paganism" (Rochester, Horace, Catullus, Martial being the shock troops). Because he lacks the essential toughness of Pope or Chesterfield, he often appears *le dernier des délicats* lineal from the '90's—and from Housman. Paradoxically, one of his most lapidary essays exposes beneath the "classicism" of Housman's verse a cyrenaicism "hopelessly romantic and sentimental." At times Connolly himself looks oddly like a Shropshire lad among critics: "Only by giving the whole of myself to the moment can I make it give its best to me . . . Life has no moral, and the moral of art is that life is worth while without one." Thus he indulges what he calls his *envie* for Paris, the Midi, the blossoming Can-Can, the "arranged world" of Toulouse-Lautrec.

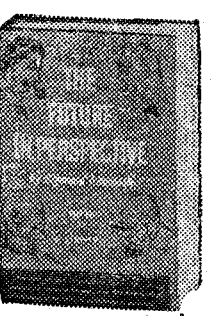
The blitz has imperfectly transformed the journalizing neo-pagan into the journalizing intellectual with a creed that "all occupations which do not serve the greatness of the intellect are so much waste of time." As intellectual, Connolly is fully aware of being "post-war, post-Freud, post-Einstein, post-twentieth century." He considers as impartially as Matthew Arnold how for a century English literature has been provincial and trivial compared with French. He had already seen that Baudelaire and Rimbaud, a "spiritual Dillinger," signified the failure of romanticism; now he admits the irresponsibility of genius in Joyce and Proust. Connolly understands that we have cracked up.

Yet he has not the suppressed tragic valuations of Scott Fitzgerald, for example—rather, a continuing uneasy sense that he is what he called Gide: a spiritual hybrid "haunted by a conviction of exile" wasting itself in sensationalism. The intellectual and artist remain for him "a kind of life-giving parasite," not "politically minded" even under a new social order. Connolly's view as critic and as editor of *Horizon* is that of "the right left people," unhappily "smart." He maintains that socialism will not do *because* materialism "does nothing for the spiritual life of humanity," and a few pages later that "the most sensible cure for materialism is a surfeit of it." His accounts of revolutions in Athens and Spain, although he presumes his attitude toward them so different, both have an irony that appears unconscious—an impersonal irony of reportage.

The irony regarding Connolly the intellectual is his incomprehension that revolution, or the possibility of revolution, has occurred. On a spring evening he walks through blitzed Chelsea with gentle regret that "here the life that has vanished . . . was of some consequence; here there existed a fine appreciation of books and pictures, and many quiet work-rooms for the people who made them. Here was one of the last strongholds of the cultivated *haute bourgeoisie*." For him, Art flourishes in these strongholds; not only the great official authors and epicures, but "the wild and exquisitely gifted young writers who come to an untimely end through passion." Sometimes among the cultivated *haute bourgeoisie* "at great garden parties, literary luncheons, or in the quiet of an exclusive gunroom, a laugh rings out. The sad, formal faces for a moment relax and a smaller group is formed within the larger. They are admirers of Dornford Yates who have found out each other." If this miscellany represents his development, it is evidently going to take more than revolution to exclude Mr. Connolly from the playground, from the pagan rock pool.

WYLIE SYPHER

An antidote to
DECLINE
OF THE WEST



THE
Future in
Perspective

by Sigmund Neumann

This lively, brilliant—and hopeful—book will do much to counteract the cynicism and despair that are likely to be war's aftermath. In it an eminent European scholar makes clear through a vivid examination of the recent past what we may justifiably hope to achieve in the future.

Illustrated with drawings of famous statesmen by Derso, world-famous caricaturist.

At all bookstores • $4.00

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
2 WEST 45th STREET NEW YORK 19

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here Lies TNEC

THE CONCENTRATION OF ECONOMIC POWER. By David Lynch. Columbia University Press. $5.50.

THIS is a friendly warning to those anxiously waiting for an up-to-date analytical study of the rise of big business before the war, its speeded growth during the war, and its alarming further gains in reconversion: David Lynch's studious book will tell them little about concentration of economic power. If the catchy title entices them to pay the price it will not gain them admission to a panorama of monopoly on the march. They will find, instead, that it is the price of admission to a monumental sepulcher wherein Mr. Lynch performs an artful autopsy on the Temporary National Economic Committee (TNEC), a body political no less than economic, dead five years, its ambitious career largely unfulfilled.

The TNEC did start out as an investigation of monopolistic big business. It was created by Congress in 1938, mainly in response to President Roosevelt's monopoly message. Economic concentration was to be its main theme. But as the mountainous record of its hearings piled up to thirty-seven volumes, capped by forty-three special monographs, that theme somehow slipped out of focus. The accumulation of facts piled into its record proved too vast to be related into a significant sequence by the committee's decentralized staff. As the scope of its inquiry met no bounds, the committee's interest became diffused. And most important of all, perhaps, its purpose was confounded by the hybrid make-up of the committee itself, composed as it was of the members of the Senate, the House, and the executive agencies.

The useful service David Lynch has rendered in his summary and appraisal of TNEC will be cherished by many. His book is more than a ready guide to the unwieldy, and therefore neglected, five-foot shelf of significant statistics which TNEC culled mostly from previously published sources. The needed guide that he does provide is prefaced by a well-woven background of the committee's origins, the changing cast of its characters, and a sketch of the growing public recognition of the forces stifling competition in the upper and the nether strata of finance, industry, and trade. His study ends with a nostalgic postlude—an appraisal of TNEC's wasted opportunity.

TNEC was the biggest investigation ever undertaken by our government. It set out to study "concentration of economic power." Yet it never even attempted to find out what concentration was and how it should be measured. "The question whether concentration is inevitable, beneficial, and desirable from the standpoint of productive efficiency and the use of modern technology went quite unexplored," runs the Lynch indictment. "Little attention was given to its effect upon economic, social, and political life, and in particular upon the distribution of income, the mechanism of investment, the stratification of social classes, and the stability of democratic institutions." A few of TNEC's efforts did bring results: some monopoly prices were reduced, some patent restrictions removed. But the TNEC ended, Lynch concludes, "as it began—as a fruitless quest for a panacea." Averse to surgery, what its composite mind really sought was a home remedy which would cure all our economic ills and yet preserve a complete status quo in the organization of our economic society.

The Council of Economic Advisors under the (formerly Full) Employment Act of 1946 is about to be appointed. Whatever recommendations this council might formulate will be reshaped for adoption by another joint Congressional committee, not altogether unlike TNEC. The new post-war agency must not repeat the multiple failures of its pre-war precursor, forcefully brought out in Lynch's timely study. It must not be allowed to shy away from its real task of reaching the source of failure in the power-drive of our peacetime economic engine. It must not be permitted to content itself, as TNEC did, with designing better mousetraps for bigger monopolies.

BORIS SHISHKIN

H. G. WELLS — Prophet of the Atomic Bomb

Read his latest book:

"CRUX ANSATA — An Indictment of the Roman Catholic Church."
A historical summary of the Catholic Church's political intrigues leading to its tie-up with the Nazi-Fascist-Shinto Axis. **Cloth Binding $1.75**

Also get a copy of

"BEHIND THE DICTATORS," by L. H. Lehmann.
A fully documented analysis of Vatican-Fascist collaboration. **Cloth Binding $1.75**

COMBINATION OFFER Both Cloth Bound Books $3.00

New Pamphlet

"VATICAN POLICY IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR"
48 pages of Documented Facts . . . . . 25¢
Free to those who return this ad with their order for the above books

Order From:
AGORA PUBLISHING CO., Dept. S51
229 WEST 48TH STREET NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

BRIEFER COMMENT

Dialectic of Love

THE UNEVEN QUALITY OF GENIUS, even very great genius, is already familiar to us from Dostoevski, whose support of Tsarism was both infantile and barbaric; and Kierkegaard, who was in actual life an intransigent and thoroughly blind reactionary, provides another illustration. Nevertheless, the doctrine expounded in his "Works of Love" (Princeton University Press, $3.75) could have formed the basis, as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Douglas Steere points out in an excellent introduction, of a much wiser and more Christian social philosophy. The task of Christian love, Kierkegaard holds, is to permeate the whole social body until the injustices and abuses of power wither away: thus Christianity helped abolish slavery from ancient society not by proclaiming revolution but by reconciling master with slave until the old relation, in its human aspect itself, became superseded and impossible. The trouble, however, with this view is that spirit must make use of body, and Christian love, if it forsakes the instrumentalities of politics, will sooner or later find itself pronouncing benediction over the putrefaction of what is. The committed Christian ought to put himself occasionally in the position of having to cut off a head—and in the name of Love itself.

A series of homilies on the various New Testament injunctions to "love thy neighbor as thyself," this is perhaps the most traditionally Christian of all Kierkegaard's books, and the reader who is looking for his distinctive philosophic and existential message will find little of it here. But page after page is incandescent with the author's habitual brilliance and passion of statement; Kierkegaard's strength is never in the range, structure, or development of his ideas, but in the intensity of experience and irony he is able to concentrate on isolated particular points; which is not only the quality of his literary genius, but the real secret of his philosophic message.

However, the injunction to "love thy neighbor as thyself" has dialectical difficulties which Kierkegaard does not explore. He lays great weight upon the "as thyself," but fails to consider that my attitude toward myself can hardly be described simply as one of "love." I am chained to this self, it is the object of my care and anxieties, but also of my contempt, hatred, and impatience; and I doubt very much whether my neighbor would want to be saddled with all this complex burden of attitudes. I, for my part, would not care to carry the burden of his. Significantly, the Old Testament, in its Jewish wisdom, commands only to treat your neighbor justly and let him alone. Maybe that is enough.

WILLIAM BARRETT

The Works and Days of William Wilde

SIR WILLIAM WILDE seems to have been a brainy, homely, energetic little man, with a passion for exact science and an appetite for loose women. To the average layman, the doctor's latter pursuits are more interesting than his researches in otology, ophthalmology, and archaeology. T. G. Wilson's terse and sober biography ("Victorian Doctor," L. B. Fischer, $3.50) most properly puts the major emphasis on Dr. Wilde's professional career, without either looking down the nose at the scandals nor dismissing them as insignificant and irrelevant. He manages, by virtue of his sincerity and directness, to convince the reader that Sir William was an important figure in the history of Irish medicine, to say nothing of his avocational findings in Irish archaeology; but for all his earnestness and good will, most people will be inclined to remember his subject as the husband of "Speranza," the lover of God knows who all, and as the father of Oscar, than as the inventor of the Wilde aural snare.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

FOR THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION

Who wants war with Russia?

The documented, hair-raising story of a small powerful group of international war makers. Their activities made World War II inevitable. Their continuing intrigues may destroy civilization.

Read THE GREAT CONSPIRACY AGAINST RUSSIA

by MICHAEL SAYERS and ALBERT KAHN

Introduction by SENATOR CLAUDE PEPPER

★ "More fascinating than fiction and yet...documented and indisputable."
—*Prof. Frederick L. Schuman of Williams College*

★ "Documented evidence of intrigue and terror... Reads like an E. Phillips Oppenheim thriller."
—*Newsweek*

★ "The excitement of this narrative should not overshadow its serious contribution."
—*New York Herald Tribune*

51,000 copies already sold!

Now $1.00 AT YOUR BOOKSELLER OR MAIL THE COUPON

BONI & GAER 15 East 40th St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Send me____copies of THE GREAT CONSPIRACY at $1.00 each.

I enclose $____

NAME____

ADDRESS____

CITY____ STATE____

N8

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION IN REVIEW

IN the writing career of Howard Fast we trace the unusually rapid decline of a pleasant fictional talent into dull political servitude. Of the five novels Mr. Fast has published in the last four years (the muse of propaganda is strangely lavish!), I have read all but one. They show his eye to have been ever more tightly shutting itself to the kind of truth with which fiction is properly concerned, his heart increasingly hardening under the strain of pumping such a steady stream of practical benevolences, until now with "The American: A Middle Western Legend" (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $3) all that remains of any original creative gift is some kind of crude energy of intention, a shallow but complex urge to pedagogic power. Mr. Fast has come of literary age in a period in which to be a radical or even a liberal is to feel no need to smile when one says patriotism. He concentrates upon the American past—it is the material of all his books—with a genealogist's zeal and a genealogist's ability to find what he seeks, and gloss over what he dislikes, in our national heritage.

"The American" is about John Peter Altgeld, one-time Governor of Illinois and leader of the National Democratic Party, famous for his pardon of the remaining victims of the Haymarket trials and for his opposition to Cleveland's use of Federal troops in the Pullman strike. Altgeld's career was a dramatic one, an excellent subject for an historical novel. He was a self-made man, after a boyhood of incredible hardships. He was a party politician who, near the zenith of power, had the courage to act according to conscience. The study of any change of heart, but especially in a person who would seem to have everything to gain by remaining unchanged, is always an interesting study for the novelist who is concerned with human realities and possibilities and not with myth-making. But Mr. Fast even calls his book "The American" rather than "*An* American," and subtitles it "A Middle Western Legend." He is all too obviously in the business, not of understanding, but of influencing. Altgeld is to be impressed upon us as the symbol of a militant liberalism, even at the cost of being lost to us as a man, and even though his liberalism was the crown rather than a continuing ideal of his life.

That Mr. Fast tells us as much as he does about Altgeld prior to the pardon of the accused anarchists might, I suppose, be chalked up to his credit as an historian. He does tell us, for instance, that as lawyer and judge Altgeld amassed a considerable private fortune, though he doesn't dwell on the financial methods that were employed; and he makes no attempt to disguise the nature of the process by which Altgeld achieved his political power. That is, although Mr. Fast doesn't try to explain, in novelistic terms, the conversion of a straight party man into an independent thinker but says, instead, that certain changes in people cannot be explained, he still gives us sufficient evidence that for a large part of his life Altgeld was not the champion of freedom and justice he later became.

In this connection, however, it is worth noting that since Altgeld's life was to culminate in a staunch defense of labor, Mr. Fast is able to contemplate all the long years of Altgeld's opportunistic self-advancement with a benign tolerance. It is the end that counts—that counts so fully, indeed, that it is presumed to lend a retroactive moral worth to whatever means were employed to arrive at it. There are actually two American biographies in "The American," that of Parsons, one of the condemned anarchists, as well as that of Altgeld: if our faith in Mr. Fast's chief hero needs sustenance as we await his moral rebirth, it can draw strength from his companion. The two figures are so closely interwoven, in fact, that their moral colors subtly begin to merge in our minds.

Mr. Fast, as an editor of the *New Masses,* announces himself committed to the Communist Party. The connection raises interesting speculations about "The American" as Communist Party line. I had thought that the slogan Communism is 20th Century Americanism was now outdated: yet Mr. Fast still seems to write by it. Then too I had thought that the day of capitalistic cooperation had quite given over to the day of revolutionary intransigence: Altgeld's political "realism," his playing ball with the economic barons and party bosses, would seem to me to unfit him for the heroic place Mr. Fast lets him fill. Finally, there is the confusion Mr. Fast permits among the various groups of the left—Communists, Socialists, Anarchists: one would think we were still living in a period of united front of all the democratic forces against fascism! Can Mr. Fast be trailing the line, can he even be guilty of a touch of Browderism? Or is Browderism perhaps no longer to be considered a guilt?

DIANA TRILLING

Horizon

OUTSTANDING REVIEW
ON LITERATURE AND ART

Edited by

Cyril Connolly

Brilliant Critic

Don't Miss A Single Issue
Subscribe Today

Subscriptions Limited in Number

D

BRITISH PUBLICATIONS, INC.
150 E. 35th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Enclosed is my check or money order, amount $6.50 for one year's subscription to HORIZON.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City and Zone No.....

State..... ☐ Check if you wish this to be gift subscription

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOTION PICTURES

Manhattan
ALHAMBRA
COLISEUM
81st ST.
86th ST.
58th ST. near Lex.
HAMILTON
125th ST.
REGENT
RIVERSIDE
23rd ST.

Bronx
CASTLE HILL
CHESTER
FORDHAM
FRANKLIN
MARBLE HILL
PELHAM
ROYAL

Westchester
MT. VERNON
NEW ROCH.
WH. PLAINS
YONKERS

RKO NOW

BUD ABBOTT • LOU COSTELLO

'LITTLE GIANT'

—WITH—

BRENDA JOYCE • JACQUELINE deWIT

ELENA VERDUGO

—AND—

'TANGIER' — STARRING — Maria Montez • Robert Paige • Sabu

Brooklyn
BUSHWICK
DYKER
GREENPOINT
KENMORE
MADISON
ORPHEUM
PROSPECT
REPUBLIC
TILYOU Coney Island

Queens
ALDEN Jamaica
Keith's FLUSHING
Keith's RICH. HILL
STRAND Far Rockaway

Manhattan
COLONIAL B'way & 62 St.

"Exciting and Engrossing." —N. Y. Herald-Tribune "Story Has Dash and Sweep." —PM

GARY COOPER • INGRID BERGMAN

in EDNA FERBER'S

'SARATOGA TRUNK'

with FLORA ROBSON

From the Novel by EDNA FERBER

EUGENE O'NEILL says:
"The finest picture I have ever seen. I enjoyed it so much I went a second time...and I am going to see it again."

The THEATRE GUILD presents

LAURENCE OLIVIER

in William Shakespeare's

"HENRY V"

IN TECHNICOLOR • Released Thru United Artists

PRICES: Eves. (at 8:30) $2.40, $1.80 Mats. daily (at 2:30) $1.80, $1.20

ALL SEATS RESERVED

NOW! N. Y. CITY CENTER 131 West 55th St.

BARBARA STANWYCK • VAN HEFLIN

LIZABETH SCOTT

—IN—

HAL WALLIS' Production

"THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

—IN PERSON—

DINAH SHORE

—Plus—

GIL LAMB

—Plus—

The Acromaniac

EXTRA!

DICK STABILE and his Orchestra

NOW PARAMOUNT TIMES SQUARE

STAGE PLAYS

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

THE MUSICAL HIT

CAROUSEL

Music by Richard Rodgers • Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2d • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian • Dances by Agnes de Mille

with Harold Keel — Iva Withers

Jean Darling • Eric Mattson • Norma Howard • Jean Casto

AIR-COND. MAJESTIC Theatre 44th St. W. of Broadway. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thursday & Saturday at 2:30

THE MUSICAL HIT

OKLAHOMA!

Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"

Music by Richard Rodgers • Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2d • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian • Dances by Agnes de Mille

Jack Kilty • Owen Martin • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston

AIR-COND. ST. JAMES Theatre 44th St. W. of Broadway. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thursday & Saturday at 2:30

"A smash hit of enormous proportions." — Ward Morehouse, Sun.

MAX GORDON presents

BORN YESTERDAY

The New Comedy Hit by GARSON KANIN

LYCEUM THEA., 45th Street East of B'way. CH. 4-4256

Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40. AIR-COND.

"A SMASH HIT!"—Life Magazine

RICHARD RODGERS and OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd Present

ETHEL MERMAN in "ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"

Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN • Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS

with RAY MIDDLETON

Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN

IMPERIAL THEA., 45th St. W. of Bway. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Air-Cond.

Buy Your Books through THE Nation

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book at the regular publisher's price, post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the publisher's price plus postage if the book is sent C. O. D. When ordering, please give name of author and publisher, if possible.

•

Please address your orders to

THE READERS' SERVICE DIVISION

The Nation

20 VESEY STREET NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

READING Roger Fry's "Vision and Design" not long ago, I was struck by a number of acute observations which seemed to me as true of other arts—and particularly of music—as of painting, and which, therefore, I hope Mr. Greenberg will not mind my referring to in this column.

In an essay called "The Artist's Vision" Fry describes how the artist operates; and though he is talking about the painter, the analogous operation of the composer is clear. "The artist's main business in life is carried on by means of . . . the creative vision. . . . It demands the most complete detachment from any of the meanings and implications of appearances. Almost any turn of the kaleidoscope of nature may set up in the artist this detached and impassioned vision, and, as he contemplates the particular field of vision, the (aesthetically) chaotic and accidental conjunction of forms and colors begins to crystallize into a harmony; and as this harmony becomes clear to the artist, his actual vision becomes distorted by the emphasis of the rhythm which has been set up within him. Certain relations or directions of lines become for him full of meaning; he apprehends them no longer casually . . . but passionately, and these lines begin to be so stressed and stand out so clearly from the rest that he sees them far more distinctly than he did at first. Similarly colors, which in nature have almost always a certain vagueness and elusiveness, become . . . definite and clear to him, owing to their now necessary relation to other colors. . . . In such a creative vision the objects as such tend to . . . lose their separate unities, and to take their places as so many bits in the whole mosaic of vision."

This lies behind the statement, in another essay, that "all art depends upon cutting off the practical responses to sensations of ordinary life, thereby setting free a pure and as it were disembodied functioning of the spirit." And it is, then, as "a creator of purely ideal and abstract works," that the artist is "the medium of inspiration and source of revelation . . . the articulate soul of mankind." These last phrases are from the essay "Art and Socialism," in which, having made clear what he means by the artist's work, Fry writes: "It is impossible that the artist should work for the plutocrat; he must work for himself, because it is only by so doing that he can perform the function for which he exists"; to which he then adds: "It is only by working for himself that he can work for mankind." Properly, then, "the Great State [the essay appeared in 1912 in a volume called 'The Great State'] aims at human freedom; essentially it is an organization for leisure – out of which art grows; it is only a purely bureaucratic Socialism that would attempt to control the aesthetic lives of men." And it is this bureaucratic socialism that he fears: "There is in truth . . . a gross and wanton waste under the present system. . . . But there is . . . a blind chance that the gift and the opportunity may coincide; that Shelley and Browning may have a competence, and Cézanne a farm-house he could retire to. Bureaucratic Socialism would, it seems, take away even this blind chance that mankind may benefit by its least appreciable, most elusive treasures, and would organize into a universal and all-embracing tyranny the already overweening and disastrous power of endowed official art."

Astounding that in 1912 Fry should prophesy those paintings of "Stalin Halting the Cowardly Flight of Trotsky from the Battlefield of Tzaritzin," "Stalin Demonstrating to the Leningrad Academy of Sciences that $E=mc^2$," "Stalin Receiving the Pleas of Churchill and Roosevelt for Assistance at Teheran," "Ivan the Terrible Gently Admonishing His Son for Cutting Off the Ears of His Pet Rabbit"—and their musical counterparts.

Films

JAMES AGEE

IT seems impertinent to discuss even briefly the excellence of Laurence Olivier's production of Shakespeare's "Henry V" without saying a few words, at least, about the author. If Shakespeare had been no more gifted with words than, say, I am, the depth and liveliness of his interest in people and predicaments, and his incredible hardness, practicality, and resource as a craftsman and maker of moods, rhythms, and points, could still have made him almost his actual equal as a playwright. I had never realized this so well until I saw this production, in which every nail in sight is so cleanly driven in with one blow; and I could watch the film for all that Shakespeare gave it in these terms alone, and for all that in these terms alone is done with what he gave, with great pleasure and gratitude. But then too, of course, there is the language, of a brilliance, vigor, and absoluteness that make the craftsmanship and sometimes the people and their grandest emotions seem almost as negligibly pragmatic as a libretto beside an opera score. Some people, using I wonder what kind of dry ice for comfort, like to insist that "Henry V" is relatively uninteresting Shakespeare. This uninteresting poetry is such that after hearing it, in this production, I find it as hard to judge fairly even the best writing since Shakespeare as it is to see the objects in a room after looking into the sun.

The one great glory of the film is this language. The greatest credit I can assign to those who made the film is that they have loved and served the language so well. I don't feel that much of the delivery is inspired; it is merely so good, so right, that the words, set loose in the graciously designed world of the screen, like so many uncaged birds, fully enjoy and take care of themselves. Neither of the grimmest Shakespearerian vices, ancient or modern, is indulged: that is to say, none of the text is read in that human, down-to-earth, poetry-is-only-hopped-up-prose manner which is doubtless only proper when a charter subscriber to *PM* reads the Lerner editorial to his shop-wise fellow traveler; nor is any of it intoned in the nobler manner, as if by a spoiled deacon celebrating the Black Mass down a section of sewer-pipe. Most of it is merely spoken by people who know and love poetry as poetry and have spent a lifetime learning how to speak it accordingly. Their voices, faces, and bodies are all in charge of a man who has selected them as shrewdly as a good orchestrator selects and blends his instruments; and he combines and directs them as a good conductor conducts an orchestral piece. It is, in fact, no surprise to learn that Mr. Olivier is fond of music; charming as it is to look at, the film is essentially less visual than musical.

I cannot compare it with many stage productions of Shakespeare; but so far as I can they were, by comparison, just so many slightly tired cultural summer-salads, now and then livened, thanks to an unkilled talent or an unkillable line, by an unexpected rose-petal or the sudden spasm of a rattlesnake: whereas this, down to the last fleeting bit of first-rate poetry in a minor character's mouth, was close to solid gold, almost

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every word given its own and its largest contextual value. Of course nothing prevents this kind of casting and playing on the stage, except talent and, more seriously, the money to buy enough talent and enough time to use it rightly in; and how often do you see anything to equal it on the Shakespearian stage? The specific advantages of the screen are obvious, but no less important for that. Microphones make possible a much more delicate and immediate use of the voice; reactions, in closeup, can color the lines more subtly and richly than on the stage. Thus it is possible, for instance, to get all the considerable excellence there is out of an aging player like Nicholas Hannen, who seemed weak in most scenes when, on the stage, he had to try to fill and dilate the whole Century Theater with unhappy majesty; and the exquisiteness of Renée Asherson's reactions to Olivier's spate of gallantry, in the wooing scene, did as much as he did towards making that scene, by no means the most inspired as writing, the crown of the film. When so much can be done, through proper understanding of these simple advantages, to open the beauties of poetry as relatively extroverted as this play, it is equally hard to imagine and to wait for the explorations that could be made of subtler, deeper poems like "Hamlet," "Troilus and Cressida," or "The Tempest."

Speaking still of nothing except the skill with which the poetry is used in this film, I could go on far past the room I have. The sureness and seductive power of the pacing alone and its shifts and contrasts, in scene after scene, has seldom been equaled in a movie; the adjustments and relationships of tone are just as good. For just one example, the difference in tone between Olivier's almost schoolboyish "God-a-mercy" and his "Good old Knight," not long afterward, measures the King's growth in the time between with lovely strength, spaciousness, and cleanness; it earns, as craftsmanship, the triumph of bringing off the equivalent to an "impossibly" delayed false-rhyme; and psychologically or dramatically, it seems to me—though my guess may be far-fetched—it fully establishes the King's coming-of-age by raising honorable, brave, loyal, and dull old age (in Sir Thomas Erpingham) in the King's love and esteem to the level of any love he had ever felt for Falstaff.

Olivier does many other beautiful pieces of reading and playing. His blood-raising reply to the French Herald's ultimatum is not just that; it is a

ANNOUNCING A NEW EDITORIAL PROJECT—THE AMERICAN JOURNALISM SERIES

THE KANSAS CITY STAR. A Literary Enormity that Parades its Benign, Pontifical Purity and Saintliness. By Charles H. Hogan, Kansas City newspaperman. This charming, delightful, amusing, bone-crushing, eye-gouging manifesto contains the following scabrous, blistering, merciless chapters:

1. The Cathedral of Frustrated Journalism. 2. The "Star Style." 3. A Plunge Into a Bubbling Fountain of Bilge. 4. The Woman's Page—A New High in Journalistic Obscenity. 5. Lord Roberts—All-Powerful Deity. 6. The Star's Limited News Coverage. 7. William Allen White—the Saintly Star's Pet Disciple. 8. The Oracle of the Jesus-Shouters. 9. The Star's Rape of Myrtle. 10. The Star's Snake-Phobia. 11. The Star's Chaste, Virginal Editorial Department. (The second part of this booklet contains the following chapters.) 12. Kansas City—Hick Town on the Kaw. 13. Smut-Smellers Take Over the Bordellos. 14. Kansas City's Final Fling Before It Turned Saintly. 15. The Star's Angelic Battle for Pure Womanhood. 16. Pope Roberts' Citadel of Godliness. 17. Sunday in the Star's Bailiwick. 18. The Star's Brand of Uplift Is on the Boom.

THE KANSAS CITY STAR costs only 25c per copy, prepaid.

THE NEW YORK TIMES EXPOSED. Is There a Free Press? Where? In America? In Russia? A Critical Examination of Capitalism's Greatest Newspaper, by Walther Victor.

This important booklet discusses the most fundamental of all freedoms—that of expression, the press. Without a free press true freedom is impossible. Here we have a complete, factual survey of the cartelization of the mind of America by a few score people who dominate the press. At the top stands *The New York Times*, a paper that is an institution, that wields tremendous influence, and that is recognized as the best-edited capitalistic organ in all printing history. The *Times* represents capitalistic journalism at its best, and it is precisely for this reason that the author—Mr. Walther Victor—takes up its policies regarding freedom of expression for purposes of analysis and criticism. Let's not forget that Mr. Sulzberger, publisher of the *Times*, said, according to the author of this essay, that freedom of the press to him means the right for him to print what he pleases, and if you little people don't like it, you can—what? You can PRINT A HANDBILL!

Mr. Victor shows that, in plain English, the *Times*' policy means: You may have just as much freedom of speech and expression as you are able to pay for. This is an important situation that Mr. Victor is treating—it really amounts to this: your and my freedom of speech and expression may mean peace rather than a third World War. The *Times* is more subtle, intelligent, dignified and efficient than the Hearst-McCormick-Patterson-Gannett poison press—and that's what makes it much more dangerous to those who really believe in freedom of expression.

THE NEW YORK TIMES EXPOSED costs 25c per copy, prepaid.

THE CASE AGAINST THE McCORMICK-NEW YORK NEWS PRESS. Sampling *The Chicago Tribune* and *N. Y. Daily News* Fascist Propaganda Line Over a Period of Years. By L. M. Birkhead, Director, Friends of Democracy.

While this book devotes itself mainly to Robert R. McCormick's *Chicago Tribune* and the *N. Y. Daily News*, Dr. Birkhead writes plenty about "Cissy" Patterson's *Washington Times-Herald* and the Hearst press.

The behavior of these papers represents one of the most flagrant cases of editorial irresponsibility in the history of our country. These papers feed prejudice, bigotry, distrust and defeatism to the American people day after day.

Here are some of the chapter headings you'll find in this book by Dr. Birkhead:

1. And What Do You Call "Aiding the Enemy," Gentlemen? 2. The Daily Drip of Poison of the McCormick-New York News-Hearst Press. 3. We Speak for Angry Americans. 4. McCormick is Pro-Axis; the Axis is Pro-McCormick. 5. Check-List for Inkpot Sabotage. 6. What About Inkpot "Aid to the Enemy," Mr. McCormick? 7. The Chicago Tribune's Anti-Semitism. 8. McCormick's Anti-British and Anti-Russian Propaganda. 9. McCormick—Defender of Seditionists. 10. McCormick's Pro-Native Fascism. 11. Sabotaging the Peace. 12. The Fascists Work for the New York News. 13. How the New York News is Useful to the Fascists. 14. Hitler Echoed the New York News. 15. The New York News Paralleled Hitler. 16. The Nazi-German Line and the New York News Line. 17. The N. Y. Daily News' Defense of Jap Fascism.

This pamphlet, "THE CASE AGAINST THE McCORMICK-NEW YORK NEWS PRESS (15,000 words, 5½ x 8½ inches), is hot as a pistol and as timely as a good newspaper. L. M. Birkhead knows more about McCormick and the New York News than any other man in the country. Thoroughly documented. Here's a complete exposure of the most sinister element in American life—a force that would destroy American democracy and make the world safe for totalitarianism, 25c per copy, prepaid.

Each of these three booklets contains 15,000 words, page size 5½ x 8½ inches. 25c per copy. *All three booklets* 75c, prepaid.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM SERIES—E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS, Box 2325, Girard, Kansas

AMERICAN JOURNALISM SERIES

E. Haldeman-Julius, Box 2325, Girard, Kansas

Enclosed find 75c, payment in full for all three journalism booklets, as follows: 1. *The Kansas City Star.* (25c.) 2. *The New York Times Exposed.* (25c.) 3. *The Case Against the McCormick-New York News Press.* (25c.) Prepaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frank, bright exploitation of the moment for English ears, amusedly and desperately honored as such, in a still gallant and friendly way, by both Herald and King. His Crispin's Day oration is not just a brilliant bugle-blat: it is the calculated yet self-exceeding improvisation, at once self-enjoying and selfless, of a young and sleepless leader, rising to a situation wholly dangerous and glamorous, and wholly new to him. Only one of the many beauties of the speech as he gives it is the way in which the King seems now to exploit his sincerity, now to be possessed by it, riding like an unexpectedly mounting wave the astounding size of his sudden proud awareness of the country morning, of his moment in history, of his responsibility and competence, of being full-bloodedly alive, and of being about to die.

This kind of branching, nervous interpretive intelligence, so contemporary in quality except that it always keeps the main lines of its drive and meaning clear, never spiraling or strangling in awareness, is vivid in every way during all parts of the film.

It is tantalizing to be able to mention so few of the dozens of large and hundreds of small excellences which Mr. Olivier and his associates have developed to sustain Shakespeare's poem. They have done somewhere near all that talent, cultivation, taste, knowledgeability, love of one's work—every excellence, in fact, short of genius—can be expected to do; and that, the picture testifies, is a very great deal. Lacking space for anything further I would like to suggest that it be watched for all that it does in playing a hundred kinds of charming adventurousness against the incalculably responsive sounding-boards of tradition: for that is still, and will always be, a process essential in most, though not all, of the best kinds of art, and I have never before seen so much done with it in a moving picture. I am not a Tory, a monarchist, a Catholic, a medievalist, an Englishman, or, despite all the good that it engenders, a lover of war; but the beauty and power of this traditional exercise was such that, watching it, I wished I was, thought I was, and was proud of it. I was persuaded, and in part still am, that every time and place has since been in decline, save one, in which one Englishman used language better than anyone has before or since, or ever shall; and that nearly the best that our time can say for itself is that some of us are still capable of paying homage to the fact.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Bilboes Defined

Dear Sirs: It is interesting, sad, and ironic that we have in our nation an individual who is desperately attempting to put us into bilboes. Senator Bilbo of Mississippi is actually living his name. Funk & Wagnall's definition of bilbo is "a fetter consisting of two sliding shackles attached to an iron bar."

The danger of "bilboism" is making itself apparent and we must, as active participants in the creating of a greater governing body, take steps to prevent such arrogance, vileness, and rank stupidity to continue. Otherwise, all of us will eventually suffer.

NICHOLAS MOCHARNIUK

New York, June 30

Action Needed on China

Dear Sirs: "Report from China" (*The Nation,* June 29, Letters to the Editors) confirmed my views regarding the unreliability, corruption, and undemocratic nature of the Chiang Kai-shek set in China. The Kuomintang is misusing both American relief supplies and military aid to oppress the Chinese masses, rather than using them in building a democratic, unified China.

These facts call for change in your editorial policy. The same issue which contained "Report from China" also calls for the passage of a bill by Congress authorizing American aid in modernizing the Chinese army. The argument in favor of this bill is that it calls for partial demobilization, and for the training of some Communist as well as Kuomintang divisions.

The hollowness of this argument should be clear. Just as UNRRA supplies intended for the whole Chinese people have been used for political ends, so American military aid will be used by the Kuomintang to foist a repressive military dictatorship over the Chinese people.

The greatest contribution America could make to the building of a democratic China would be the withdrawal of all armed forces from that country, and the distribution of relief on the basis of need, irrespective of political consideration.

The Nation, an old advocate of democracy in all parts of the world, should come out for the termination of American military intervention in China, instead of the present ambiguous policy of paying lip-service to democracy while in reality helping to suppress it.

STEPHEN VARGA

New York, N. Y., July 5

Toscanini Recordings

Dear Sirs: Reading an article recently by your superb music editor, Mr. Haggin, published in 1940, I find reference to a situation which is of grave significance to the cause of art today and in the future.

Mr. Haggin wrote "in view of the fact that His Master's Voice had recorded the majority of Schnabel's great performances of Beethoven's piano works, it was monstrous to conceive that the same had not taken place with the performances of Toscanini."

The preservation of the work of the greatest musician of the 20th century is a significant problem. It is tragic to conceive of the irreparable losses that have been caused by the failure to capture on record many of Toscanini's performances with the New York Philharmonic, while he was its conductor from 1926 to 1936 (although a few were released after his final year with that orchestra—such as the Wagnerian excerpts and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7). But of the great performance of *Romeo and Juliet* by Berlioz (at the opening of the 1942-43 season) we have no records, nor of the other performances made since 1936 by Toscanini with the Philadelphia Orchestra—a few recordings were indeed made in 1942 but have been withheld for "technical reasons."

But what of the performances with the NBC Symphony—have they been preserved by file recordings and how and when are these to become property of the musical public?

What we need is the formation of an organization to preserve the art of Toscanini, not only for this time, but for generations yet unborn, so that his contribution to music may be available to mankind, as Muck's, Mahler's, and many other performing artists' is not.

Time is short. What can be done?

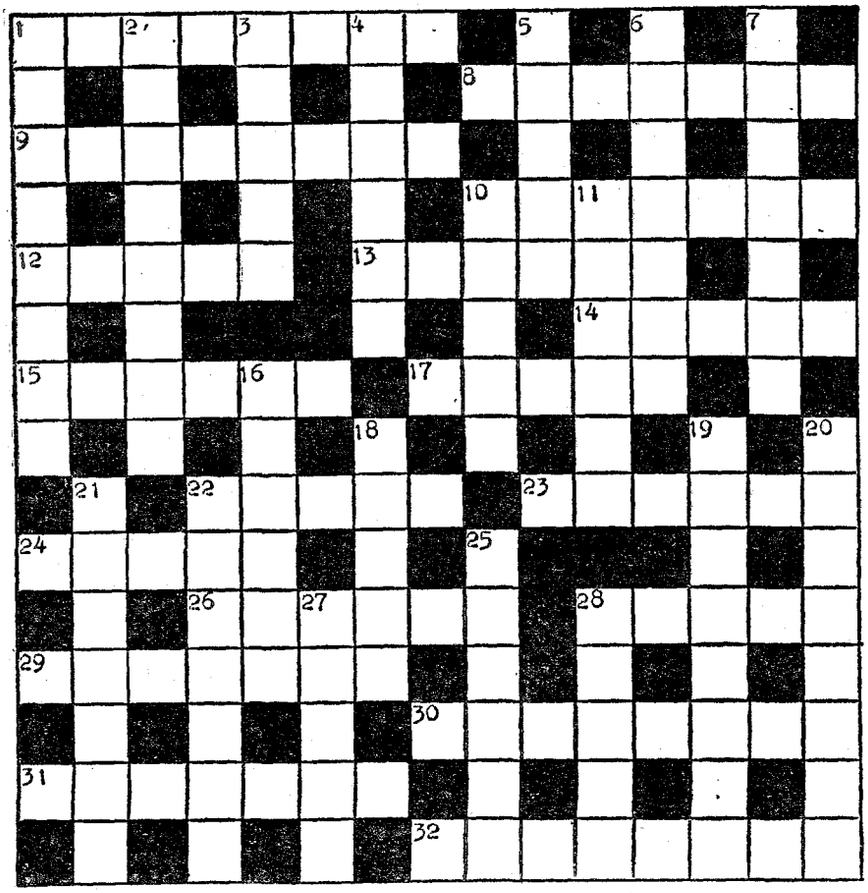
FRANCIS L. LOEWENHEIM

Cincinnati, Ohio, June 23

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 172

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Discovered America (or perhaps America discovered him, trying to sneak in?)
8 There's a cool mob in this foreign capital
9 Brilliantly effective in a mantle
10 Flower with an ego
12 Stable animal, though not always
13 Relax
14 Fleshy
15 First-born
17 Step on it
22 Mr. Clarke
23 Anne turns to Vi in another foreign capital
24 Cora's boy friend
26 Sailor with a sunburn like a Scot
28 Charon's oar?
29 It originally took brains to make this sausage
30 He set a bird to catch a bird
31 Steered
32 Bountiful

DOWN

1 Likely to be engaged in revolutionary activities
2 Detective in Sherlock Holmes' stories
3 State of the U. S.
4 Sinful
5 Men haven't got none, sang Quoodle
6 He presides at inquests
7 Beery it may be
10 Soccer prize?
11 The twins
16 Goes 'round in a circle yet never quite returns to its starting point
18 A single individual, or a group
19 O, you hike through the country all day long, and at an --------
20 Drakes
21 Simla rebuilt, I see
22 French sailor
25 Take to pieces
27 June's flowers
28 Close (anag.)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 171

ACROSS:—1 WAITRESS; 5 WINDOW; 10 IMPOSER; 11 CHANCED; 12 EXTORT; 14 NAMESAKE; 16 VERONAL; 17 ASHES; 18 FERN; 20 STOMACH; 22 ROTS; 24 HOCKS; 26 STINGER; 29 SKINNERS; 30 SNATCH; 32 LAGGARD; 33 BUILDER; 34 RAREST; 35 INTENDED.

DOWN:—1 WAITER; 2 IMPETUS; 3 RESERVES; 4 SERF; 6 ISABEL; 7 DECEASE; 8 WIDGEONS; 9 SCRAN; 13 TESTATE; 14 NORMANS; 15 MATCHES; 19 WRESTLER; 21 HORNPIPE; 23 TRIGGER; 25 KATYDID; 26 SNEAKS; 27 IRADE; 28 SHARED; 31 OBAN.

SITUATIONS WANTED

SOUTHERN COLORED DOMESTIC and hotel workers desire jobs. Write for list today (stamps). QUALITY EMPLOYMENT ASS'N. 214 East Clay Street, Richmond 19, Va.

WRITER, 34, newspaper, institutional publication, administrative experience, desires job liberal publication. Veteran. Satire, polemics, objective reporting. Box 1634, c/o The Nation.

ROOM WANTED

PROFESSIONAL MAN, mature, seeks room with a private family. Must have access to shower bath daily. Give details and rate. Box 1635 c/o The Nation.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES

•

62c a line (six words)
Minimum 3 lines
$6.16 per inch

•

Attractive discounts for multiple insertions.

•

THE Nation
20 Vesey St., N. Y. 7, N. Y.
BArclay 7-1066

The New Statesman and Nation

England's Leading Weekly Review may now be obtained through

THE NATION
20 Vesey Street
New York 7, N. Y.

●

Yearly subscription
$6.50 including postage

SPECIMEN copy on request

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

"HAWAII TO HEAVEN"
by GUALTERIO QUINONAS, Hawaiian Writer
Lovely Hawaiian-American novel—Delightful story of a Hawaiian boy who found a beautiful romance awaiting him in this land of democracy, the Heaven among nations. A charming, inspiring book, filled with Hawaiian and American incidents, history and romance.
Cloth, illustrated, $2.00
HOBSON BOOK PRESS
52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City 17

FREE CIRCULAR explaining "WHO WANTS THE ATOMIC WAR" and giving suggestions how HONEST INTELLIGENT PEOPLE should unite themselves to stop "WAR-CONSPIRACY" the greatest and cruelest CRIMINALITY AGAINST MANKIND. ORDER from P.O. Box 1335, St. Louis, Mo.

FARMS AND ACREAGE

12 ROOM BRICK COLONIAL; heat; bath; electric; fireplace; view; privacy; 6 miles from Tanglewood. Berkshire Farm Agency, Chatham, N. Y.

LANGUAGES

ALL LANGUAGES. Phonograph Courses. **Linguaphone,** other makes. Sold, bought, rented. A. Alin, 475 5th Avenue, New York 17. MU. 3-1093.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

CIGARETTES—Popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.40 per carton, postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 1, N. J.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

AN INVALUABLE HOME — Executive office site, No. 139 East 43rd Street. Immediate occupancy, 4-story Building, opposite Chrysler Building, Grand Central Depot, etc. $90,000 — cash. Also, 55,000 square feet, immediate occupancy. $82,500. With about 16 acres land at Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y. Two 4-story brick and stone buildings. Formerly used as textile mills and battery manufacture. Elevators. With perpetual use of 400 h. p. to owner without cost. L. N. Rosenbaum & Son, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York 17.

Attention Please!

Train leaving on Track 31 for

. . . . . .

Are they calling out the location of your resort?

Those vacationers are heading for two weeks of rest and fun. Do they know what good times they can have at your place?

Tell them about it through the resort advertising pages of The Nation.

Phone BArclay 7-1066 today
or
Write to 20 Vesey St., N. Y. C. 7
for information as to space, rates and closing dates.

Don't delay . . . **those vacationers are planning *their* vacations**

NOW

RESORTS

Gayly Informal
All Sports Facilities
Comfortable Cabins and Lodges
Excellent American-Jewish Cuisine
WOPOWOG LODGE
on Lake Saimon, East Hampton, Conn.

Indian Lake Lodge
In the Heart of the Adirondacks
INDIAN LAKE, N. Y.
Ten Mile Long Lake, a backdrop of 3500 foot mountain ranges, a hundred acres of lawn and woodland. Scenic beauty plus all water sports, tennis, hiking, informal atmosphere, good food and comfortable quarters are yours to Sept. 15th. TELEPHONE: INDIAN LAKE 2412

KINAPIC LODGE
LOVELL VILLAGE MAINE
On LAKE KEZAR, *one of America's most beautiful lakes*
Cabins on the lake, American plan, informal, for adults and family groups. Water sports, good golf, fine lake and stream fishing. Excellent Hungarian cuisine.
Open June 1 to Oct. 15. Reserve now.
Booklet by Mail, or Phone Lovell: 7 ring 12 A

HATHAWAY LODGE
OPEN ALL YEAR
Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate in the beautiful "Hills of the Sky." Large, luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces and private porches. Winding Mountain Trails. Delicious food Easy Transportation.
Attractive Rates • Make reservations now
For reservations or further information write or call
HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y.
Telephone: Tannersville 299

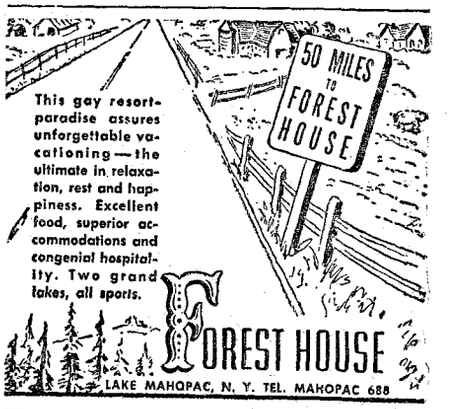
PLUM POINT
ONLY 55 MILES FROM New York City
MAKE RESERVATIONS EARLY
NEW WINDSOR, N. Y. NEWBURGH 4270
"YEAR-ROUND VACATION RESORT"

The Fieldstone
On Round Island Lake
A place of unexcelled beauty for rest and relaxation. One hour from New York.
ALL SPORTS — OPEN ALL YEAR
MONROE, N. Y. Phone 7965

MAMANASCO Lake Lodge
Ridgefield, Conn. • Phone 820
A resort of distinction fashioned from a country estate. Water sports, hiking trails, tennis. Library, open fireplaces. Congenial atmosphere Famous cuisine.

HUNNS LAKE HOUSE
STANFORDVILLE NEW YORK
90 miles from New York via N. Y. Central. Charming lake and countryside, rustic, restful. Directly at lake, bathing, boating, fishing, other sports. Beautiful walks on own grounds. Excellent American cuisine. Ideal for week-ends and vacations. Adults only. Rate $45.00.
Management GRETE POPPER
Telephone Stanfordville 2931

RESORTS



This gay resort-paradise assures unforgettable vacationing — the ultimate in relaxation, rest and happiness. Excellent food, superior accommodations and congenial hospitality. Two grand lakes, all sports.
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y. TEL. MAHOPAC 688

Yours for Vacation Enjoyment
HILLTOP LODGE
On beautiful Sylvan Lake
HOPEWELL JUNCTION, N. Y.
65 mi. from N. Y. C. • B. B. Station Pawling, N. Y.
Every conceivable Sport and Recreation . . . with intimate, congenial people
Many improved features for the new season!
Open from May thru October
Under direction of: PAUL WOLFSON & SOL ROTHAUSER
New York Office: 277 BROADWAY COrtlandt 7-3958

BREEZEMONT PARK
ARMONK, N.Y.
35 MILES FROM NEW YORK CITY
"A Country Estate in the Scenic Hills of Westchester County"
The nearest of all nearby resorts. Exclusive location. Luxuriously furnished. Dignified. All sport activities. Excellent cuisine.
OPEN ALL YEAR Phone Armonk Village 955

CASA MANOR
On Beautiful LAKE COSSAYUNA
COSSAYUNA, NEW YORK
Only 20 miles from famed Saratoga 50-guest limit to preserve comfortable, restful, informal atmosphere. Excellent cuisine. Swimming, boating, fishing, table tennis, etc. Family accommodations available. Write or call.
JACOB M. OLSHANSKY
93 State Street, Albany, New York. Phone: 5-0363

BYRAM LODGE
ARMONK, N. Y. Tel. Armonk Vill. 906
Only 35 miles from N. Y. C. in Westchester. Completely remodeled, all conveniences, new furnishings. Beautyrest mattresses, all sports, bowling.
Rates $60 weekly; $10 daily. American Plan.
American-Jewish Cuisine
N. Y. Office 11 West 42nd Street PE 6-3243

OAKWOOD
NEW WINDSOR, N. Y. Newburgh 4477
Delightful...Boating and swimming in our private lake.
Different...The colonial atmosphere.
Delicious...Our unexcelled cuisine.
Diverting...Recordings for listening & dancing.
All this only 53 miles from New York City
A Resort for Adults Only

SACKS FARM
Saugerties, N. Y. Tel. 590-J
Unusually beautiful countryside, pine woods, good, homey Jewish-American cooking. All conveniences. Intimate and restful. Swimming, horseback, tennis and other sports. Adults. Booklet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED